

University of Alberta Library



0 1620 2352 0610

# *70 Years a Cowboy*

(A BIOGRAPHY)

*by*

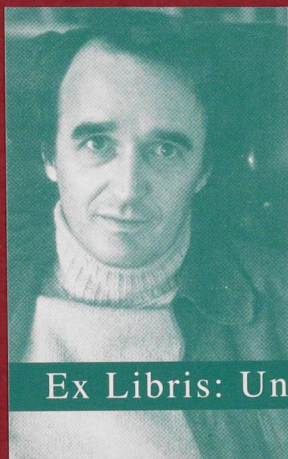
*T. B. Long*



George Bellomy

August 13<sup>th</sup> 1960

COPYRIGHT  
©  
1960  
W. M. LONG



*From the library of*

**Richard Spafford**

**Western Canadian Legacy Collection**

*Education is the progressive discovery of our own ignorance.*

—Will Durant

**Ex Libris: Universitatis Albertensis**



1st edition, 1959.

*Chau*

George Bellamy  
Aug. 13th 1960

### FOREWORD

The following biography is presented herewith in all truthfulness as I remember it. It is written with two thoughts in mind. One being to portray the true active life of a cowboy and cattleman and the latter to cover a portion of the history of the vanishing prairie range known as The Great Shortgrass Country. It is my sincere hope that in this writing I can give to my readers a more clear picture of the wonderful free range country as I once knew it.

Western fiction has glamourized the cowboy as a hard riding, shooting, fighting and hard drinking son of the plains. Outlaws appear throughout the picture with their guns blazing and so on. I will grant that there were tough customers among us but let us not harbor the impression that we were all the same way. The rangemen I was raised with were gentlemen in their own right, first last and always. Their word was beyond question and they loved their neighbors and stood always ready to help their fellow men. True, they were tough and hardy, and could be very grim if the occasion demanded, they had to be. My life, spent on the vast Montana and Canadian ranges kept me in constant contact with these men, some of the best men that ever sat on a horse. I carried a six-gun most of my life but this gun was never drawn against a fellow man or worn for that purpose other than in the line of duty as a posseman.

My parents came to Montana Territory in the early 1860's and spent some time in the gold rush area of the famous old Virginia City. After a short time my mother travelled by freight team from the gold camps to Fort Benton, Montana, where she took a boat back to her old home in Nebraska. While spending a few years there her family was born, Clair, Walter, Susie and myself. I was the youngest and was born at Saint Edwards, Nebraska in 1876. In 1877 my parents and my brothers and sisters, together with my grandparents, the M. A. Switzers again took the trail west. This time they travelled by prairie schooner overland and up the Salt Lake Trail to Bannack, Montana. In the wide Madison Valley, then wild from the gold rush days, they made their home.

My grandfather, M. A. Switzer was in the crowd that witnessed the hanging of Georges Ives, one of the famous Plummer gang, by the Vigilantes. Plummer was the sheriff and also leader of an infamous gang of road agents who were all hung later at Virginia City. My grandfather told me that when the hanging took place that the Vigilantes were expecting trouble and formed a tight ring around the prisoner. He said that wherever you looked you would look down the barrel of a .45. They were the only law there and they meant business. It proved very effective too.

My history begins where most of the early day writings end and it is my fond hope that my humble efforts here will be enjoyed by the readers who are familiar with this great western land they live in. I am not an experienced writer, as my story will tell you. If I were this story could not have been written. I do, however, hope that I have been successful in one thing and that is to give you a first-hand knowlege of the actual range country and the men who worked it. It is not my intention or desire to set my life before the public other than as a means of illustrating the true life of the average rangeman and cowboy. To this end I dedicate this effort.

The Author.



T. B. Long, age 81, on his favorite horse Hardway. Great Falls Tribune photo taken September, 1957 on the Frank Hedges ranch near Saco, Montana.

## CHAPTER 1

For the very first time I was about to take part, a real active part, in a large-scale cattle roundup. I could hardly wait. The year was 1891 and to a boy of fifteen years, this was the greatest experience yet. Although I had been raised on a cattle ranch in the Madison Valley near Ennis, Montana, this was the first time my older brother Walter had ever consented to my participation in the big round up. As round ups go, this one was not actually so large but it seemed so to me at the time. Walter hired a little buckskin horse for me and this little pony I remember well. He had a black stripe down his back and, thinking back, I now realize that this was one of the toughest little horses I ever saw. With my new found ambition I rode him on a lope all the time, I do not remember ever letting him walk.

Mounting up with bursting pride I rode to Burt Maynard's, a near neighbor, and purchased my first pair of spurs. Burt watched with amusement as I proudly buckled them on and then stated that I was ready to start punching cows. I had never owned anything that I was as proud of as I was those spurs and I felt really dressed up with them on. The only time I took them off for days was when I went to bed. It is a great thrill to a ranch kid to own the equipment that is essential to the cowboy in his trade.

The round up about to begin was the early fall gather. At this time the ranchers ran their cattle in a pool and all went together in hiring a herder or two for the summer months. The cattle ranged in the upper Madison Valley and the Henry's Lake country in Idaho. In the fall the owners got together and rounded up all cattle, cutting out the cows, calves and beef cattle. The others would be left on the range for a month or two, or as long as they could graze. This year the round up consisted of about ten men including myself. Ray Smith was in charge and as he gathered his men and started them off that morning I was just about the happiest, proudest kid in the world. I'll never forget it.

In those days Walter was pretty much of a hero to me as he was a top hand, an outstanding roper, a good shot with either a six-shooter or rifle, a top hand with horses and a thorough knowledge of the best way to handle cattle. All these go to make up an all around good cowboy. He had grown up with top hands at a time when the west was rough and he had learned his trade well. I could have not had a more thorough teacher and I later learned that everything he taught me was right.

Through the hard riding days that followed I tried to get in on everything and in one thing I truly succeeded, that was to get in the way at all times. Walter tried his best to ride herd on me as well as the cattle and now I can appreciate the things that he had to put up with. A green kid on a good horse can sure make a nuisance of himself trying to make a hand but I guess everyone has to learn. The round up lasted about two weeks and nothing of outstanding importance took place. When we got back in I thought I knew all about the cattle business but looking back now I can see how mistaken I actually was. However, my education had

begun and as my heart was set on being a good hand I tried to learn as fast as possible.

I recall an incident of interest about Walter when I was eight years old. Walter and Tim Switzer were riding for cattle close to the old Sawtell place near Henry's Lake, when suddenly they met five men armed to the teeth with both six guns and rifles. The men were driving about twenty-five head of horses and the leader came forward to engage in conversation. He was wearing a black coat, broad brimmed hat and bat-winged chaps. He carried a 30-30 Winchester in the crook of his right arm and in front of his saddle swung two saddle bags of black leather. Protruding from the right hand bag was the butt of a .44 Colt six-shooter. As this man approached, Walter was sure that these were a pretty rough bunch. The leader seemed cordial enough and asked if they knew of any place near by where they could buy some fish. While replying that they did not, Walter noticed a well marked horse in the bunch belonging to a man by the name of Harry Thompson, of the Madison Valley and, glancing side-wise at Tim, he saw that that individual had also noticed the horse and was about to make some remark. Walter hastily motioned Tim to silence and continued the conversation with the leader of the gang. This was very lucky and perhaps the smartest thing Walter ever could have done as he learned later that the man he was talking to was Con Murphy, famous horse thief and bad man. Facing these men and admitting recognition of that horse would have no doubt meant sudden death to them both. After a few more words, Murphy and his gang rode on south. About two days later a posse from Ennis came through on the trail of the outlaws and after learning what they could from Walter they rode on. They caught up with the gang on the Snake River in Idaho and recovered their horses but the outlaws eluded them until later. They were finally brought to bay in Rexburg, Idaho where a pitched gun battle was fought and one of the gang was killed before the rest surrendered. Murphy broke jail and was free again for about two years and then his luck ran out. He was taken by a deputy sherriff from Helena and while being transported to jail the Vigilantees took over and about a hundred of them strung the notorious horse thief up to a railroad bridge about a mile west of what is now East Helena. The execution of Murphy was the last hanging by the Vigilantees as an organization, in the Territory of Montana.

After the round up of 1891 I attended every one for five or six years and my education became nearer completion. Finally I was hired to take the herd for the summer along with Joe Davis. Price Piper later took Joe's place that first summer. For several summers thereafter I spent some happy times at this work. The upper Madison is a beautiful country and at that time the range was not too crowded although the sheep were slowly moving in.

About 1900, Paul Jeffers and I were chosen to take a herd of about six hundred cows back to the summer range. This proved to be quite an eventful trip. Leaving the lower Madison the cows handled easy and after getting them strung out for about two miles they moved fast. The entire trip was fifty miles and we made half of it the first day, camping at Deer

Creek that night. The next morning the cows still wanted to travel fast and the trip went smoothly until we came to the Hutchin's bridge.

Years before Matt Dunham had built this bridge with heavy timbers and split poles for flooring. It had originally been a toll bridge but was later purchased by the County. The bridge was located just above the west fork of the Madison and spanned the Upper Madison which is a very fast stream but comparatively shallow.

Ordinarily we would have forded the river with our herd but not this time; the cattle had other ideas. About half a mile from the bridge something spooked the cows and as they were fresh and wanted to run anyway they took off down the road at a high run. I was in the lead and there was no turning the leaders, there was nothing to do but let them cross the bridge. I got across with about fifty head when all at once a pole in the flooring broke and flew straight up into the faces of the oncoming cows. Startled, the leaders stopped short. The sudden weight placed in one spot broke the center span, plunging cows, bridge and all into the Madison river. In amazement I watched the huge pile-up of cattle and broken timbers in the water and I was sure that we would be short cows but there just was not a thing I could do except watch. When things stopped falling I rode into the river to do what I could to straighten this mess out. The water was swift and from two to three feet deep. The cows were getting up and scampering to the safety of the bank. When they had all gotten to shore I could hardly believe it but there did not seem to be a one injured. After checking again to make sure there were none left I looked up at the skeleton of the bridge and my mouth dropped open in surprise! There, on one of the peers between the broken spans, stood a cow with all four feet bunched on the small top of the peer and nothing around her but space. Shaking out my rope I rode to the bottom of the peer and, catching the cow by the neck I pulled her over backwards with a splash into the river. She gained her feet at once and she too was uninjured. After fording the river with the balance of the herd, Paul and I could not believe that such a thing could happen and not hurt one cow, but it had. Getting the herd strung out once more we continued on and reached our destination that night without further incident.

Late that fall we had some cows snowed in, in the mountains east of the old Lion's post office. Tim Switzer and I went after them and we rode under very rough conditions for a couple of days before finally getting them out. On our way out we stopped at Joe Pierson's ranch for dinner. Joe was glad to see us and hastened to build a quick fire of dry chips to cook our meal. There was a strong south-west wind blowing straight toward the barn in which we had fed and left our horses. In front of the barn was a large pile of dry hay. We were about half way through our dinner when one of us happened to look out the window and shouted a warning. The entire barn was ablaze! We dashed out the door and ran to the barn as fast as we could. My new saddle was laying along the blazing building and I hastened over and pulled it in the clear while Tim threw the barn door open. Joining him there we both jumped aside as Tim's horse came charging out of the inferno. Tim had not unsaddled and his fur coat was

tied behind the saddle. The coat was afire as the horse came out and ran down the road before we had a chance to catch or help him. My horse fared even worse. He had pulled back so violently that when he broke loose he fell over backwards and his feet struck the wall with such force that a board broke allowing them to go through. This trapped him there on his back and with squeals of agony he died while we could do not one thing to help him. Joe's horse also burned to death in the fire.

Feeling sick and very sad, I borrowed a horse from Joe's pasture and took the trail of Tim's fleeing horse. It was not a hard trail to follow as the pieces of the burning coat lay smoldering along the way. At Baldwin's ranch, about eight miles from Joe's place I came to the end of the trail. The poor tortured beast had run into the yard and here Lawrence Nelson shot him to put him out of his misery. One of the cowboy's best friends is his horse and this experience left me sad for days. A picture kept coming before me of my horse trapped there in that burning barn, where I just had to stand helpless and see him burn to death. I think a little of that fire burned it's way into my memory too.

The Madison Valley was a great fish and game country at the turn of the century. Elk, deer, bear and upland fowl were everywhere. The creeks which came out of the mountains and furnished irrigation for the rich low lands were full of trout. Hemmed in by huge mountains the valley had one particular failing; the wind blew every day.

At this time it was the custom for two or three men to go out in the fall and get meat for a number of ranches in one hunt. These trips were quite an adventure for the young men and on one of these hunts Jack Clifford, Ferd Trentmen and myself, equipped with pack horses, camping outfit and rifles, took to the mountains. In a day's travel we were in Elk country. The next day Jack separated from Ferd and I and took a side trip on his own. We had not gone far when we topped a rise and there before us was a large herd of Elk. The spot was ideal for a kill so taking cover we waited for the herd to come closer. As the leaders came within range we opened fire. The two Elk in the lead went down and this caused the rest of the herd to start milling. With this circular movement of the herd we were able to pick off others at random. The slaughter was terrible and when we stopped shooting seven Elk were down. To some hunters this would sound like quite a thrill but to be very truthful I did not care for it at all. It sort of sickened me to see these helpless animals slaughtered at random without a chance and not even knowing from where death came.

Jack, hearing the bombardment of our rifles, soon joined us and then the work began. Dressing and packing seven full grown Elk is no small job and the day was well spent before we had our meat ready for the long trip home. Everyone was very pleased with the results of our trip and the hunt was a huge success but somehow I did not enjoy it as I should have and this was the last wholesale hunt I ever took part in.

In 1902 our Madison County sheriff at Virginia City, Montana was a man by the name of Jim Summers and was one of the best liked officers of the law I have ever known. He was fair to everyone, a good officer when

the need arose and yet he was a gentle and kind man. His shrewd judgement of men earned him a name for fair play in all of his dealings. A true man of the west and a friend of everybody's.

On a clear summer day this year, Jim received word that a sheepman named Johnson was losing supplies from his sheepwagons and camps. Johnson's holdings were at Sunrise Bason, about fifteen miles above Ennis. As always, Jim answered the call at once and arrived at Johnson's early in the day. After hearing the facts he and Johnson rode to the camps that had been robbed. Jim was thorough with his investigation and, being a very shrewd tracker, his suspicions were soon directed to one man. The one he felt sure was involved was a young man by the name of Johnny Wolf who we all called the Wolf Kid. He was about eighteen years old and was sort of a worthless lad. Jim and Johnson decided to ride over to the Kid's place and have a talk with him. Upon arriving at their destination they found no one at home, so they decided to search the place. Much of the stolen goods was found in the shack and around the other buildings. Johnson had work which was pressing so he told Jim he would have to be going if he did not need him any more. Jim replied that he would like to look around some more but if he should happen to see the Kid to tell him that he (Jim) would like to talk to him. Summers was sure that if he could just see the Kid and talk to him, that he could convince the Kid that he was headed for trouble if he did not mend his ways.

Johnson had only ridden a short distance when he heard a shot echo through the timber. Wheeling his horse he raced back to the shack as fast as he could. After a few minutes search he found Jim on the ground in a path only a short distance from the house. Leaping off his horse he knelt by the form on the ground and, as he later described it, Jim just gasped once and died. Johnson was dazed at the suddenness of death's grim hand for a moment. Upon examination he found that the bullet had pierced Jim's left arm, passed through the heart and chest, coming out through the right arm and lodging against the thin cloth of his shirt sleeve. It was a 40-82 Winchester, copper bound bullet. Searching very carefully Johnson soon found that the Kid had fired from ambush in the timber at point-blank range. Poor Jim had not had any warning or even a chance for his life. Seeing that the killer had fled Johnson rushed down the valley to spread the alarm. Charley Hill, the deputy at Virginia City organized a posse at once there being about fifteen of us who responded to the call. On our way to Sunrise Basin we stopped at a fellow's place where the Kid sometime previously had stayed, I believe his name was Price. We thought the Kid might be there. We had been travelling in the night and Price was just cooking breakfast when we road up. We formed a quarter circle in front of the house and Charley called,

"Hello the house."

An immediate answer came from inside the house and Charley asked if the Kid was there.

"Yes", came the reply from within, "get down and come on in", so saying Price opened the door. He had misunderstood the question and I shall never forget the look on his face as he looked down the barrels of

fifteen six-shooters. After explaining our mission he hastened to explain that he had not seen the Kid for several days.

We continued on at once to where our sheriff lay and a coroner's inquest was held right there on the spot. I sat on the coroner's jury and the verdict was natural murder by gun shot wound.

Charlie Hill at once started stringing us out for the hunt and the sound of his voice and the look in his eyes gave us to understand that he would stop at nothing until the murderer of his former boss was in custody. Some of us were sent back down the Valley to spread out over the area there. My brother Walter and Jim Hayden were sent high up on the Bozeman Trail to cut him off if he decided to leave the valley by that route. Tom Whitney and Dick Peel were sent up the valley to cover his escape if he decided to take that exit. Wherever we went we found the country really up in arms. These old timers could get pretty rough when something like this happened. The Kid had killed one of the finest men who ever lived; highly respected and loved by all and this without a chance. It looked bad for the Kid all right and knowing this he would be very dangerous to take.

At this part of my story I am inserting a portion of my friend Tom Whitney's writing in his own words describing this chase. Tom writes as follows:

"Some of the boys went with Charley Hill to the Wall Creek escape and Dick Peel and I headed for Hutchier Ridge leading to Idaho. The horse the Kid was riding had lost his shoe and being somewhat of an Injun I commenced looking for such tracks on the shortest route that Wolf would take instead of taking a wagon trail. I soon found where he had crossed some ice, by the horse's tracks minus the shoe. I motioned to Peel who was following the wagon track that went down into the Madison which was very high. I let my old pony drink and then he took to the water like a duck. The tracks led to the Conway ranch, which had changed hands to a man named Nickerson whom I had never met. Approaching the place I saw two men coming from the house, headed for the barn. I dropped down under the hill so that I would not be seen and approached the ranch. I passed a big cow shed and corral and there in front of me was the Wolf Kid saddling up. He had the bridle and blanket on his horse and was stooping to pick up the saddle when I said,

"Hands up Johnny, and come through the fence."

Turning he looked at me and then at his gun standing against the fence and so again I warned,

"No false moves John as I don't want to kill you and I have the drop on you."

He came crawling through the fence as I stepped off my horse but before I could search him Nickerson came out of the barn with a Winchester and rammed it in my middle saying,

"Just what are you up to?"

Not taking my attention from the Wolf Kid I replied,

"This man has just killed sheriff Summers."

He then asked Johnny if that was so before uncovering me. John admitted that he had and stated that if I hadn't gotten the drop on him I would have kicked in too. After Nickerson released me I searched Johnny and found his 38 six-shooter in his mackinaw. I took the prisoner out to head Peel off as he was still on the wagon trail headed south. When we met Peel, he at once covered Johnny with his gun and said,

"Go through him."

"I may look like a darn fool but he has been thoroughly searched so cut her out." I said. We then started for Virginia City."

The above is Tom's own writing of the capture and in spite of the fact that he, and he alone, made the arrest, politics took a hand and the reward was split among four men.

They rode hard with their prisoner but despite this the word had gone ahead that they were bringing him in. On the road to Virginia City there was an old quartz mill and here a large crowd gathered for a grim settlement. They meant business and waited patiently, fully intending to string the Kid up when the trio appeared. Tom and Dick had been afraid of just such a move so they took a wide half circle and came into town from the north. They got their prisoner into jail and with the help of other deputies were able to hold him.

When the trial came up it was a large one as everyone in the county was interested. He confessed at once and pleaded guilty. In his own words he told how he had been hiding in the brush all the while that Jim and Johnson were talking. He was very scared, he said, and when Jim came down the path he was coming straight toward the Kid and he was sure that Jim had seen him. Immediately after looking up Jim had stopped and started to turn. The Kid had his rifle resting on a limb with a dead rest, and he fired as Jim turned, drilling the officer plumb center with no warning whatever.

At this trial I learned the power of deception that smart attorneys use. I scarcely knew the Kid. They had him dressed in knee pants and he sat beside his mother thus, without knowing him you would swear that he could not be over twelve years old. I am sure that this alone enabled him to get off with a sentence of life and, as far as I know he was never released although it is possible that he was.

The entire valley mourned the death of Summers. It was a thing so utterly uncalled for and our loss was great. Jim was the type of man that everybody considered a friend the first time you met him and I am still surprised that the Kid ever got to trial with the feeling which ran so strongly against him in a land not too thoroughly tamed.

## CHAPTER 2

In the early days about the only recreation we had was our many country dances. My older brothers, Clair, Walter and myself played in the Madison Valley band. Clair played the bass horn, Walter and I the Cornets. Walter was also a talented violin player. The band played at

Virginia City and for all local events. I had reached my full growth of six foot two and even sported a fine black mustache, which was the going style at the time. From my training in the band I started playing for local dances and here I met Esther Boardman who played piano. Esther was teaching school at Bear Creek and before long I found many reasons for making a trip up Bear Creek way.

Esther was the daughter of James Boardman who came to Montana from Illinois in 1885 by train to Helena, Montana. Her mother was a sister of one of the first doctors in Helena, Dr. Cole. Her maiden name was Mary Cole. The Boardman's settled in the Madison Valley and there raised a family of three girls, Emma, Lillian and Esther. Mary Boardman in her later years suffered from the dreaded rheumatism and was bed ridden for several years. The Cole family were well known in the early days in Helena. A first cousin of Esther's, Philip Cole, was also a doctor in Helena about the turn of the century. He is mentioned in many of the late cowboy artist C. M. Russel's writings as they were very close friends. At one time Dr. Philip Cole was the largest holder of Russel's original paintings in the world. Dr. Philip moved to New York and there, later, he became one of the leading figures in the business world of the nation.

Esther and I went together for several years and my thoughts began to turn toward a home and ranch of my own. I had acquired a few cattle of my own and feeling more secure I asked Esther to be my wife. She consented and we were married in 1903.

After the winter of 1904 many of us could see that our Madison Valley range was becoming overstocked. More people were moving in and the old timers were getting more cattle to run. All the upper valley, where we had ample range before, was now rapidly being overrun with sheep. I could see that in the not too distant future the cowboy's work would be very limited as the ranchers would either have to cut down their herds or run them in fenced pastures which they owned. This would not be to my liking at all as the cowboy life was the only one I understood.

We heard of a great abundance of grass and open range in the southern Saskatchewan country in Canada, and some of us became very interested at once. The Jeffers Cattle Company, namely, Walter Long, Burt Maynard and Steve Gainan were the first ones to make a decision. After much discussion they appointed Tom Whitney and I to go up and look over this new range. These men could see into the future as I had and they knew that some move had to be made soon.

In March, 1905, Tom and I took the branch line train at Norris, Montana and arrived in Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, on a warm sunny day. We were to look over the situation in view of a new home and report on the grazing situation. Stepping off the train at Maple Creek we were met by Fred Garrison whom we had known previously on the Madison and who's father had moved to Canada a year or two previously. They had been informed of our coming by mail. We immediately embarked in Fred's spring wagon for the Cypress Hills and Fred's ranch.

It was about thirty-two miles to the Garrison ranch and we enjoyed every minute of the trip. We were only a few miles out of the old

cow-town of Maple Creek before I could plainly see that this was a great range country. There was grass everywhere, more of it than we had seen for a long time. The Cypress Hills to the south did not look very high to an old mountain man but as we drew near them we were impressed with their timber and beautiful scenery. In this vast flat prairie country the hills were sort of set apart like an island in the sea or an oasis in the desert. In a gentle rising slope the prairie land gave way to brush and timber on the north slope. Winding our way through this timber we finally came out on a huge flat topped bench. Here several years growth of grass rippled in the wind, knee deep to a horse as far as the eye could see. What a cattle heaven this could be! As the team trotted on, Fred pointed out points of interest. Already my mind was made up and I am sure Tom's was too. Traversing this beautiful bench and dropping off the south slope we arrived at the Garrison ranch about dark. Here we received a warm welcome indeed as the Garrison's were lonesome for friends from their old home range and we talked far into the night.

Before daylight we were up and after a fine breakfast Mr. Garrison furnished saddle horses and we were off to look the country over and what a country! We soon saw that it had not been misrepresented to us in the least. It is just impossible to describe the amount of grass we saw and there was free range everywhere. Tom and I knew then that this was going to be our new home and we were so excited we could hardly wait. After a few days of just enjoying this cattle heaven we picked out two homesteads on Sucker Creek just north of Cypress Lake.

Bursting with eagerness and information we arrived back at Ennis on April first. After telling the company and our friends about the country we had seen, preparations were started immediately to make the move. Esther had been raised in the Madison Valley and of course it was hard for her to think of leaving home. It was no small job convincing her and Mrs. Whitney that they should leave the land they had always lived in. I think the fact that they would be together made their decision slightly easier. Esther had sincerely hoped that I would not like the north country, but upon seeing my enthusiasm she consented to go. The Whitney's had two small children, Audry and Cecil, which made it a little harder for Mrs. Whitney to make up her mind but when she learned of Esther's decision she also agreed.

Preparations were hastened with all the speed possible and by the last of April we were ready to go. Trailing the stock to Norris we loaded out about one hundred head of horses and fifteen hundred head of cattle, mostly cows. These belonged to the Jeffers Cattle Co., Tom Whitney and myself. They made two complete train loads.

There were several who decided to go along and help on this venture, some with the idea of staying and some just for the trip. They were Clarence and Paul Jeffers, Asa and Art Whitney, Tom's oldest sons, Lud Piper, Steve and Leo Gainan, Harry Wiles, Tom Whitney and I. Our destination by rail was Havre, Montana, the nearest point by rail in the United States to our destination. The women and the children took the

passenger train and went on ahead while all the men stayed with the stock. As we had two full stock trains we were hi-balled right straight through and reached Havre without having to feed.

We arrived at Havre at night and the trains no sooner came to a halt until the cowboys hit the dirt and were gone in a rush to remove the dust of travel, both externally and internally. Not being a drinking man I hastened to the hotel where I found two very lonesome women, already more than a little homesick.

The following day was one of great activity. The cattle and horses were unloaded and at once driven out on grass north of town. Here we set up a camp and held the herd for two days while we purchased wagons, harness, tents and all needed supplies for our journey north. As there had been a Negro regiment stationed at old Fort Assiniboin, there was quite a Negro population in Havre at this time. They were quite a worry to Esther as she had never been around them before. She speaks of an old Negro mammy who insisted on singing to her for these two days and the song, "I Was Only Teasin' You" seemed to be the only one she knew. This song still lingers in Esther's memory, and later became quite a joke as she could sing it word for word.

The third morning after our arrival we got the herd strung out for two miles or so and our hundred mile journey got under way. The weather was nice, there was plenty of grass and our equipment was new and all in all the world looked pretty rosy.

There was to be a big Sun Dance of all the Indian tribes at Havre soon and we had no sooner topped the hills of the Milk River breaks until we started meeting Indians. These were mostly Cree Indians from Canada and there was an endless wave of them. As far as the eye could see, in all directions, we could see them by the hundreds. They were travelling in wagons, afoot, on horses and the entire bunch was accompanied by the usual mass of barking, yapping dogs. They were dressed in buckskins, robes and blankets of all colors of the rainbow. It seemed like they preferred anything of a gaudy color. There were Chiefs, with their feathery head dresses, squaws with papooses on their backs, young prancing bucks and noisy half grown children. These, in their great numbers were very friendly but they did slow down our drive tremendously and they were in our way clear to the Canadian border. Needless to say they were also a great worry to our women folks as they had never seen any amount of Indians before.

The hardships that Esther and Mrs. Whitney endured during this trip and the following two years, would make a book in itself. They were cooking for fourteen, taking care of two little ones, moving after every meal and sleeping in tents through rain, wind, mud and all other adverse conditions of the trail. Esther has often said that it would have been unbearable if there had not been two of them. These pioneer women were just plain hardy, game and tough, I sometimes think they could stand more than a man. Enough credit has never been given these women who gave their all to the settling of the land.

We had very little trouble and made pretty good time until we crossed the Canadian border and here we hit rain. When we came to Battle Creek, just north of the border, we found it bank full, fed by heavy rains in the Cypress Hills. We were all cold and wet and were all thinking of the nice sunshine that we had on the first leg of our journey. In spite of the discomforts of the trail though, there always seems to be one clown in the outfit and ours was no exception; we had Burt Vettters.

Lud Piper had purchased a new saddle in Havre and he continually worried about the fact that he might have to pay duty on it as the law said that you must pay duty on new articles brought across the border. On unsaddling that night, Lud very carefully covered his pride and joy with the saddle blanket to protect it from the rain. We were all standing talking when we heard a startled cry from Lud and turning toward the roaring creek we saw Burt swinging Lud's new saddle over his head. After a couple of wind-up swings he let it fly with a splash into Battle Creek. With an angry yelp, Lud took off in hot pursuit down the creek where, after a fast ride down the swift current, the saddle was caught in a whirl-pool near the shore. In a short time he reappeared, covered with mud but triumphant, the dripping saddle over one shoulder. As he trudged into camp Burt called,

"There Lud, your duty troubles are all over. I helped you out. They can sure see now that she has been used."

The rain lasted for three days and we held the herd for several days to let the gumbo mud dry. There was good grass here so there was no use fighting the mud. Our camp was near an old timer's ranch whose name was John Badger. He at once insisted that the women folks stay at the house with them. Mr. Badger was a fine fellow and a wonderful host. We were all entertained continually by his wit and stories, some of which I have always remembered.

On my first visit, to start the conversation I mentioned that it was quite a rain. Mr. Badger with a twinkle in his eye replied,

"Well, I don't know, we have some pretty good rains here. I saw it rain a beer bottle full in ten minutes one time."

Another favorite story of his concerned a trip on an extremely dark night with his friend Billy Gregg. He said that he thought it was the darkest night he had ever seen. It was so dark that when he went to blow his nose he blew Billy's instead.

The mud soon dried up and we were again on the trail north, but the second day it commenced to rain again. Toward the evening we came to the White Mud river, just below Cypress Lake. After making camp we learned that there was a round up wagon and crew camped a short distance from us so we hastened over for a visit. Upon arriving at their camp we learned that this was the T Down Bar wagon, Harry Otterson round up boss. The Jeffers boys were delighted to see Elbert Davison whom they had gone to school with in Bozeman. Elbert was repping for the Circle Diamond ranch at Malta, Montana. Both it and the T Down were owned by the Bloom Land and Cattle Co. whose manager was John Survant of Malta. The wagon was just starting their spring round up.

This was my first meeting with Ira Tripplet and I remember it well. He was riding a spooky horse and, as it had started to rain again, he decided to put on his slicker. He hung his reins on the saddle horn, reached back and untied his slicker and when the slicker unfolded in the wind his horse jumped and started to run. Ira went on very unconcernedly putting on the slicker with his horse at a dead run and I think the horse made about a mile and a half around and around the camp before he finally got the last button fastened. Then, and only then, did he pick up his reins, pull the panting horse down and ride casually back into camp.

We were only ten miles from our summer range and the rest of the trip was made without incident. Upon arrival at our home we established a permanent camp. The tents were banked up, an ample wood supply gathered and a corral built to hold our saddle horses. Then we rode to Maple Creek to pay the duty on our stock and equipment. The duty was light and the Canadian authorities were very nice and receptive to our entrance. They took our word for everything and did not even inspect our herds. Having taken care of this Tom took the train to Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, to record our brands and the rest of us returned after purchasing some hay machinery.

When Tom returned we were busy branding the stock with our new iron. This took quite a while and when the job was finished it was getting on toward June. After fixing our camps up a little better we had to start putting up hay to be sure that we were secure for the following winter. There was no problem finding hay in this sea of grass, anywhere you went you could cut hay that would go from three-quarters of a ton to a ton to the acre. It was a tremendous job as we did not have the machinery of today. By the middle of September we had enough hay to winter the calves, which was all we planned to feed.

All through the haying our women folks again proved their mettle. They cooked for the crews, living in tents through rain and heat. To make matters worse our horses were continually trying to head back to their home range and the women rode for them and held them along with their other work. Sometimes this required a lot of riding, but they took care of it.

The hay being all up we started at once to get our houses built for winter. I was able to get what logs I needed close at hand but a round trip of fifty miles was required to get the finished lumber. For this trip I took four horses and one wagon and was able to bring all I needed in one load but it was a large one. It came from a saw mill at the head of Battle Creek. By the middle of October I had the house finished and ready to move into which was a very welcome move, especially for Esther, as she had put in a pretty rough summer.

### CHAPTER 3

Earl Whitney, Tom's son who was about eighteen years old, and I were elected to gather cattle and throw them on winter range closer to

home. They were ranging in north of the Cypress Hills in an area of twenty to thirty miles in all directions. Tom and the others stayed home to fence the hay and make the other preparations for winter that could come now at any time.

Although the days were crowded with hard work they also bring back to me many good times and many laughs. Earl was an all around good hand and just full of the dickens. He was strictly a dare-devil who would try anything once and we had a lot of fun on this gather.

North of what is now known as the Wiley ranch, there was a number of small lakes. They had scarcely any bank at all and very little water which, with a light covering of snow, made it almost impossible to tell if there was ice in these bottoms or not. We were riding among these lakes one morning, when suddenly we jumped a young coyote. Earl was riding a big horse that had not been ridden much that summer and his hoofs were grown out long. Always looking for anything exciting, Earl gave a yell that would shame an Indian and spurred his horse in quick pursuit of Mr. Coyote. The very first thing the coyote did was to cross one of those little lakes that did not happen to be dry, closely followed by a spurring, yelling Earl. The horse hit the ice which was covered by about three inches of loose snow, at his top speed. He slid for about ten or fifteen yards, his big feet acting as runners, and then suddenly he spilled over on his side and then his back with all four feet in the air. Earl was thrown clear and both he and the horse had up momentum enough to slide clear across the lake and come to a snow covered halt against the far bank. The chase was over and, after collecting his senses, Earl rode back to me cursing such a clumsy horse.

We made quite a circle that morning and about noon rode into the Harry Bettuss ranch. Mr. Bettuss was an old Texan and a real westerner. We had a fine diner after which he insisted on staking us to fresh horses. He roped a horse out of the corral for me and I could see at a glance that it was a gentle horse. While I was saddling he caught one for Earl and as he led him out of the gate I noticed that saddle marks were missing. Here was a snaky horse. He was jet black and well built and he danced on the end of the rope. As Earl went down the rope with his bridle, Mr. Bettuss turned to me and said loudly for Earl's benefit,

"Mr. Long, I gave you kind of a spooky horse there but this one I picked for Earl is a pet of my wife's. She rides him all the time."

Many of the ranchers in those days had one or two horses which might be termed outlaws. They would always buck and it was considered very funny to stake some innocent rider to one of these and watch the fun. Mr. Bettuss was no exception, he possessed the usual sense of western humor and I was wise to his trick. If he expected to fool Earl though he was doomed to disappointment as I could see that Earl had sized up the situation also. Having finally gotten his saddle on the black I noticed Earl take his quirt from the saddle and swing it on his right wrist. The big black stood trembling as Earl swung up and when he hit the saddle the horse exploded. Here was a tough horse all right and he could sure unwind but the rider's balance was pretty to watch. Every time this old

pony's feet hit the ground that quirt came off the end of his nose with a resounding pop. We watched, spellbound, until the horse and rider passed from sight down a hill. The last thing we could see was that quirt rising and falling. Mr. Bettuss turned to me with a grin and said,

"Say! That boy can ride, can't he?"

When Earl returned the horse that night Mr. Bettuss would not have been stretching the truth at all if he told the next man that his wife could ride him. He was a thoroughly broken horse.

In 1905 our neighbor O. J. Wiley, was elected a member of parliament. He gave a dance at his ranch to celebrate the occasion. The Wiley's were about twelve miles from our place so Esther and I hitched up our driving team and arrived early. People came from miles around in wagons, sleighs, spring wagons and horse back. Many came from Maple Creek, forty miles away. There were mountains of food and plenty of refreshments of all kinds. All the beds were filled with babies and children of all ages. Everybody came early and stayed ate as they did at all these occasions in those days. Esther played the piano in accompaniment to a violin played by Phil Williams. It was one of the largest dances I ever attended in Canada and later Esther and I played for many. It lasted until daylight and then everyone had breakfast before leaving. We gave Mr. Wiley a real send off.

The winter of 1905 and 1906 was a very mild one and our loss of cattle was small. We had little trouble holding the cattle as the grazing stayed open and there was plenty of it. I recall one incident which happened this winter that has always amused me.

We had a warm day and the snow had thawed some but it turned cold in the night. After doing my chores I saddled up and rode over to Tom's place to see how he was doing. As I approached the corral I could hear some choice cuss words together with a sharp whacking noise and I became very curious as to just what was going on. Getting closer I found Tom among the cattle in the corral and at regular intervals I could see an axe rise above his head and fall with a smack. This was all very puzzling to me and I rode up to the fence and shouted an inquiry,

"Tom, what in the sam hill are you doing?"

He paused for a moment then answered, "I am chopping these — cow's tails off so they can get up."

Then the situation became clear to me. The cattle had bedded down with their tails in the wet snow and as the night grew colder they froze there. Tom was chopping the long hair off the end of their tails to release them. I just sat on my horse and laughed but Tom failed to see any humor in the situation at all. It was his anger made it all the funnier to me I guess.

The winter stayed mild and about the twentieth of March we turned all cattle out on the open range. We rode pretty close herd on them for a while but the winter had broken and we were elated. We had come through our first winter on our new range in Canada with the best of luck and scarcely any loss at all. Little did we realize what we were to go through the following winter.

In the spring I discovered that I had filed on comparatively poor land. There was only one thing to do and that was to move again. After some looking around I found an ideal spot on Davis Creek, about ten miles east of our present location. Here the land was flat and grass grew thicker than hair on a dog's back, and also the land was suitable for raising all kinds of feed. We made the move at once and as time was short we set up our tent camp once more, leaving the moving of the house until later.

Just before the first of June our round up wagon started out on the spring gather. We were known then as the White Mud Pool. Fred Garrison was round up boss and we sent reps to the T Down and several other wagons. A rep was a cowboy representing another wagon, rancher or group of ranchers. His job was to take over stock belonging to the people he represented and he took orders from the wagon boss he was with. Our wagon covered the country west as far as Battle Creek, east to East End, Sask., south to the Montana border and the Cypress Hills to the north. We handled somewhere around fifteen thousand cattle and centered just north of Cypress Lake. On this spring round we held the cattle at center and branded all calves. Cows were cut out for breeding also at this gather. The cowboys of that time knew their business well and the round up was finished before the first of July.

I had to rush home and start haying and in this I was very fortunate in having such a remarkable hay meadow. I could just start out in any direction from camp with a mower and start cutting. These were days of hard work from daylight until dark as I had to hurry. The fall round up would be coming up and I still had to move my house before winter.

Again this summer Esther put up with many hardships. Still watching the horses she cooked for the hay crew in a tent. The summer of 1905 and this one produced many vicious lightening storms followed by driving wind and rain. There were many times when I would be out on round up when she would be alone or just another woman with her. It is hard to realize what an electric storm is like in a tent unless you have experienced it. Water always manages to come through or under a tent and when the wind blows, no matter how well a tent is pitched, some canvas always flaps or pops. The lightning flashes come through the canvas as though it was not there and there is nothing to deaden the crash of the thunder. When this is all over, cooking with wet wood that has to be carried in through the mud, follows. In spite of all this she managed to have a fine meal ready any time the crew or a visiting cowboy would appear.

I was able to get up as much or more hay than I had the fall before and decided that it was enough. I finished just in time for the fall round up and had no time to move the house. In this gather we were short handed as some of the boys had to stay with their haying. We had the same territory to cover as we had before and several less men to do it with. This fall will live plainly in my memory always. It was outstanding in the way that the cattle handled and since then I have known and often verified the fact that cattle somehow can tell what kind of a winter lies ahead. No cowboy on the wagon had ever seen cattle act the way they

did after we had them gathered and held at center. Never before or since have I seen cattle so restless and hard to hold. Five nights in succession they broke away from the middle night guard and nearly five days we spent in rounding them back up again. On the sixth night Fred Garrison, wagon boss, detailed Chester Gilchrist and myself to take the middle night guard. His orders were clipped short and to the point, "Go out there and hold 'em, don't let 'em get away."

Saddling our horses in the dark of night we rode grimly out to the huge herd, knowing that our job was a tough one and extremely important. Taking over from the first guard we started around the herd at a moderate pace. As the night wore on the herd became restless and we increased our pace. Before long the herd was all on their feet and we were running our horses at break-neck speed through the darkness. This had to be continued throughout the middle guard, and our horses were nearly played out but managed to keep them bunched. About 2 a.m. they became more quiet and started to bed down again and the danger was past. When morning came though they were restless again. This condition existed throughout the entire fall. Wherever we would gather and try to hold cattle they would be very hard to hold, even on good range they would move and drift continually. I know now that some warning, some sense endowed them by nature, must have given them knowledge of the terrible winter that was to follow.

## CHAPTER 4

By the middle of October I had the house moved and we were very thankful to get moved in and settled. There were a number of jobs that should have been done but there was no more time. I had a lot of fencing that I wanted to do before winter as well as some plowing and other odd jobs but I decided that there was no use trying to get it all done. We felt very lucky to think that we had gotten as much done as we had.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kirby, from the Madison, came up that fall and decided to spend the winter with us in our house. This was an extremely lucky break for us as we were expecting an addition to our family and it would have been impossible for Esther to have stayed alone while I rode for cattle that winter.

We were heading into the worst, hardest, longest and toughest winter ever known in Canada and northern United States. Little did we realize just how bad it could be. This winter has been forever etched into the minds of the northern stockmen who endured it and many old timer still marvels at the miracles which allowed them to survive it, say nothing of the stock. Looking back, I for one, know that God must have had his arms around me many times or I certainly would not have been here now.

The fourteenth of November, 1906 there was fourteen inches of snow fell. My Mother had been visiting us and as she was anxious to get home I rushed her to Maple Creek where she took the train. If we had

not gone that morning I doubt very much if we could have ever made the trip again that winter.

The temperature dropped to twenty below and stayed there. Usually when the wind blows and it starts to snow the temperature will rise, but not that winter. As near as I can remember it never once got above zero until February. This first snow did not worry us much as we had plenty of feed and we were sure that it would soon go off. The first snow nearly always did. Little did we realize that the King of all winters was just drawing his breath for an extended blow.

The wind started to blow and continued every day not once letting up. The temperature remained steady at around twenty below and never once got above that. The wind was so strong and cold that my cattle started to drift down Davis Creek past Steve Gainan's ranch where they could find shelter in the heavy brush along the breaks of the White Mud river. In the morning I would be forced to ride there, gather them and bring them back to feed at the ranch. For days I made this ride, facing those killing blizzards back home, driving my cattle to feed, only to get up the next morning and find them gone again. I could not hold them as I had not built any fences. I was able to keep my calves at home in a large corral where I fed hay but this was all. I rode every day from daylight until dark with the exception of the days when I had to haul hay and wood for fuel. I continually watched for the expected break in the weather but none came. The wind still blew every day, often accompanied by falling snow and the temperature stood still around the twenty below mark. The cattle seemed to know what was ahead and they were extremely hard to handle.

After many many attempts to hold my cattle on the home range I finally had to give up and leave them on the range of their own choosing. All I was accomplishing was the wearing down of their strength as well as my own. The weather continued the same with never a break. My face became brown and was continually peeling from the many frost bites. I was as hardened in to the cold as a man could get and this conditioning was the thing that saved my life in some of the terrible days to follow.

Christmas morning came clear and the thermometer stood on thirty below zero. We had been invited to the Garrisons for dinner. It was fourteen miles or better and I was a little dubious about the trip but the women folks had been cooped up inside so long and were looking forward to the trip so much that we decided to chance it. One thing in our favor was that the wind was not blowing this morning and being so cold there was a pretty good chance that it would remain still for the rest of the day.

I hitched up my best grain fed team to the bob-sled and pulled around to the house. The women were tucked into quilts and robes and had a large rock which we had heated at their feet. The long trip was made safely and we arrived at our destination about eleven a.m., cold but happy.

The Garrisons were wonderful hosts and a delicious dinner was enjoyed. Everyone was so glad for a chance to visit that the time passed rapidly. Finally some one looked out the window and called our attention to the darkening sky in the north. Looking out I saw the sky covered with

a huge grey mass that resembled a blanket over the entire area from east to west. We all knew only too well what this meant. Another blizzard was building up and stepping outside for a better look I noticed that the day was as still as winter death. It was the often repeated, "lull before the storm", in this already winter frozen country.

Hastening preparations, we were all bundled into the box of the sled and were ready to go by three p.m. The Garrisons hated to see us start but go we must as there was stock shut up in our corrals that would face starvation if we were gone for long. Besides this, everything in our house would freeze over night so there was nothing to do but try it. We could have left the women folks until later but in this snow bound country you never knew how long these storms would last and they insisted on going with us.

Soon after we left the north wind began to blow and then the snow began falling in clouds. We were facing the storm and it was a bad one. By the time we were half way home you couldn't see twenty feet and on top of this it was getting dark. As we continued on the others became completely lost and soon decided that I was too. I felt sure, however, that I knew where I was. A man out in these storms every day acquires a sense of direction and this I was relying on now. Everyone else wanted to turn back but I was sure that we were closer to home than we were to Garrisons and somehow I knew that we were going in the right direction. It seemed an endless journey facing that howling blizzard in the dark. Was I right in risking the lives, now in my hands? My conviction that I was headed right stayed firm though I knew that if I was wrong it would be the end, as a person just could not survive long in such a storm. It seemed hours that the stout hearted team plowed on into the teeth of the storm. I thanked God several times that night for having a good strong grain-fed team. Long after dark we were still going and it seemed to me that we should be getting pretty close to home. A terrible fear came over me. Had I missed the place? Everyone was getting mighty cold and I knew that we must find shelter soon or perish. Suddenly the team stopped and with watering eyes I thought I could see a dark object in front of them. Hanging up the lines I got stiffly out of the sled and walked ahead to investigate. It was our barn and we were home! With a shout of pure joy I informed the others and it is hard to explain the feeling of elation as we trudged from the sled to the protection of the house. We all realized that we had missed death by a very small margin on this Christmas Day. God certainly had his arms around us that night I am sure.

The terrible blizzard lasted for several days during which it was impossible to do anything but feed and cut wood for fuel. To ride in that storm would have not only been suicide but a total waste of time as you could not have seen ten feet. The wind finally blew itself out and it stopped snowing but there was no release from the icy grip of winter. The thermometer plunged to the bottom and stayed there . . .

Steve Gainan had been wintering his calves at one of the neighbor's Ben Wright. Just before New Years Ben ran out of hay and Steve was

forced to move his calves. It was about sixteen miles to trail and I offered to help him with the drive.

New Year's day 1907 broke clear and cold with the thermometer standing on sixty below zero. As we started our drive the air was so cold that the frost seemed to almost snap in the air. We took a few older cattle to break trail for the calves. I was dressed in a fur cap, fur coat and fur chaps with German socks and overshoes on my feet which was as warm as it was possible to dress. It was still impossible to ride more than a half mile without walking to get warm. We walked most of the day and a man had to be careful how he breathed or his lungs would become frosted. The snow was deep and the best we could do was twelve miles that day by sundown. I do not know if the temperature raised any that day or not but I do know that it lowered after the sun went down.

We left the cattle and, where the snow permitted, we began to trot our horses. We had only gone a short distance when I looked at Steve and instantly pulled my horse to a walk. His nose and part of his face was dead white and frozen. After telling him he looked at me and informed me that mine was the same. We stopped and rubbed our faces until the circulation returned. From then on we were forced to walk our horses as the slight breeze created by the faster pace would freeze us at once. If there would have been any wind at all that day it would have been impossible for a man to exist out in it.

The bitter cold lasted all through January, when it warmed up the least bit the wind would rise and severe blizzard conditions would prevail. It never got above twenty below zero, even with the blizzards, and the country became snow-bound and looked like the Arctic Circle. It felt like it too. Where the snow drifted into the sheltered coulees and creek bottoms it became so deep it covered the trees in places. Where the cattle sought shelter in these places they would keep the snow packed hard around a tree until, as the snow kept drifting in, they would eventually be on top of the tree. Then they would move on if possible, if not they would die there.

I was forced to stay at Steve's so that we might work together to save our cattle. We had to ride every day no matter what the weather was. Every morning the cattle would leave the shelter and go out on the ridges to graze until the wind came up. Their trails became hard frozen and slippery and they all became footsore. Many of them would lay down at night and curl their heads around on their side, trying to keep what warmth they had in their poor frozen bodies. In the morning we would ride out and find them in this position. They would be floundering around trying to get up, their necks so stiff from the cold they were unable to straighten them out. We would dismount and, catching hold of their heads, straighten their necks and after a few moments they would get up.

One day at Steve's, while eating dinner, we looked out the window and saw about a hundred antelope pawing for grass on the side hill a short distance away. We both seized our coats, caps and rifles and sneaked out the back door. They would have to leave by the same dry coulee they had entered so we crawled through the snow to a point where we could get

good shots and then let ourselves be seen. When they spotted us they all began to run, converging on the mouth of the coulee in a bunch. We opened fire and when the herd was gone we had five dead ones. We dressed them out and hung them in the trees back of the house and had fine antelope steaks for many days.

Thousands of antelope drifted into the Cypress Hills that winter, travelling on the crusted snow. They came from the frozen prairie country to the north and I believe that most of them survived the winter.

## CHAPTER 5

By the first of February we were nearly out of feed for our cattle. As we had been afraid of this we had previously bought some hay from a man by the name of Nelson who lived on Dry Coulee, about fifteen miles south of the White Mud river. We knew that it was impossible to move the hay so we prepared to move the cattle to it. We cut out about three hundred head that we thought could stand the trip and Fred Garrison came over to help us make the move.

In the morning when we stepped outside ready to begin the trip south, we received a great surprise. The long looked for break in the weather had finally come. There was a soft north-west wind blowing and the temperature had risen considerable. It was like suddenly being released from a great burden which had been weighing us down. We were in fine spirits that early February day, the long dreamed of chinook was about to happen. It was the warmest day we had had for nearly four months.

We started out with Steve in the lead with a team and sled to break trail through the deep snow. Fred and I strung the herd out in the trail behind. We were forced to travel slow as the snow was deep and the cattle were all pretty weak, but the weather was good so we let them take their time. We were only a short distance south of the White Mud when, turning in the saddle, I saw with surprise the dreaded grey blanket spread over the northern sky. The wind had gone down and I think this is what made me look. There was no time for any preparations for almost at once the blizzard was upon us. It struck with a pent-up fury which seemed to be trying to over ride the few hours of decent weather we had enjoyed. We were totally surprised with the suddenness of it. The wind howled in gusts and snow from the heavens came riding it down the prairie. The temperature fell at once and visibility was cut to not over fifty feet and often times to nothing. There was no time after it hit that there was a pause or let up in the raging storm. This was the worst one of the winter and we were in a fine position. Caught flat-footed, so to speak, half way between the White Mud River and our hay with three hundred head of sore footed and weak cattle. This was a rolling to flat country and there were no land marks to go by. As directions became muddled it was hard to even keep your senses in that screaming, shifting gail. All objects became blurred and indistinct and everything looked alike. I knew that we would

be extremely lucky if we could save our own lives, say nothing of the cattle.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we got together to discuss our chances and it was a grim meeting. We all knew that at best we had a fifty-fifty chance for survival. We talked the situation over thoroughly and we all agreed that we had one chance and one only, this being to drift with the wind which, we prayed, had not changed directions. If we came out above Nelsons, in the bottom of Dry Coulee we would hit his sleigh road and be able to follow it in. If we were to bare too far west and come out below Nelsons we would be lost as we would probably not even notice the Coulee as it was not that deep. There was not another land mark to go by between us and the Milk River in Montana and no living thing could survive that long in such a storm. We decided to stay with the cattle another half hour and if nothing showed up to guide us we would leave them to their fate and make a desperate effort to save ourselves. As we ended our talk we looked at each other with a deep feeling unspoken, each one of us knew that our chances were mighty slim at the best. Not one of us had any idea where we were.

The good lord must have been riding with us again that day as, stiff from the biting cold, we were just about ready to abandon all hope when we hit the hard sleigh road. When we were once on the road we knew that the cattle would follow it in with no help from us so we went on ahead to get out of the biting cold. When we were safe in Mr. Nelson's house around a roaring fire we all agreed that we were as near death that day as any of us ever cared to be.

The following morning there was a good stiff breeze blowing from the north west and it was thirty-five below zero, but the sky was clear. Our cattle were all in off the trail but they resembled walking icicles. There was from three to four inches of ice frozen on them and they actually squeaked when they walked, but they were on hay now and safe at last.

Fred and I were worried about things at home and we knew that they would be even more worried about us so we decided to try facing the bitter wind and head for home. It was about twenty miles across country with practically no shelter and we had not gone far before we were beating our hands and walking to keep from freezing. By the time we reached Garrison's we were very near exhaustion and I know that we could have not made it much further. If we had not been hardened in to the weather we could have not made it at all. We were riding the best horses there were and they were grain fed or they could have not made it either.

We found things in pretty bad shape at Garrison's. The calves had gone out to try and graze a little in the warm wind of that first day. We found thirty-five head in a fence corner, piled up and froze to death. This was just one bunch, there were others scattered over a wide area. Garrison's lost half of their calves in that one storm. The following day I rode for home against another stiff wind and had another terrible trip. If anything it was colder this day than the day before. It was impossible to ride

very far at one time so to keep from freezing I walked most of the way through the deep snow. I would walk until I gave out or until my lungs began to burn from the heavy breathing the exertion caused and then I would ride until I started to freeze again. This entire trip both down and back was the worst I ever made in a full life time on the range. It still seems a miracle that I survived it the way the odds were stacked against me. . .

All the land was locked in a deep freezing cold and all through March the terrible winter hammered at us, without one single let up. One blizzard after another hit, and in between them the temperature would drop into the thirties. In all my life I have never seen any winter that would come close to being its equal.

On the day of April first, Esther and I took a grain fed team and made the twenty mile trip to Maple Creek. The land was still in the clutches of winter and this trip was not an easy one, especially for Esther. Plowing through the huge drifts is seemed like it took forever to get anywhere. Arriving at Maple Creek I made arrangements for the care of our horses and we took the train to Great Falls, Montana, where our oldest boy Wayne was born April 13, 1907.

We arrived back in Maple Creek on May the eighth. Upon our trip home the winter had just started to break up and the water was starting to run. As we drove along the ridges we could see that the creeks were still full of snow. The drifts were completely over the brush and trees and it made the country look oddly level. Many dead cattle could be seen along the way.

Thus ended the hardest winter that has ever been known in the livestock business in the prairie country of which I write. There has never been another, to my knowledge, that could even compare with this one and I remember eighty of them. I hope I never have to see another like it. Ninety-five percent of the northern cattlemen were broke by spring. Yes, this was the king of them all, the late spring was what finally dropped the axe on these cattlemen. Many of the large cattle outfits had plenty of hay but after winter once hit they could not get the hay to the cattle or the cattle to the hay. Never at any time was there a break to make moving possible. There were dead cattle everywhere. One old timer tells of so many cattle drifting into Milk River and dying there that their bodies dammed the river in the spring. It was a terrible sight. I have seen tears come to the eyes of more than one old timer as he told of his lifelong dreams being wiped out in a matter of months.

The big outfits were hurt the worst. The huge Turkey Track outfit turned loose fifteen thousand head of cattle, mostly mixed steers, that fall. They were ranging on the Neville Devide between Swift Current, Sask., and the White Mud River. In the spring they did not have enough cattle left to run a wagon. I remember well the next summer, talking to the manager of the Turkey Track, Tony Day, in a hotel lobby in Medicine Hat, Alberta. Turning to some farmers who were present, Tony, with a hint of moisture in his eyes said resignedly,

"You fellows of your profession have chased me from the lands of Old Mexico north across the Canadian border and now you can have it all."

These words of utter defeat from a great man have lingered in my memory a long time. They were typical of many great cattlemen that spring, who could see the end of their huge cattle empires.

The Smith and Mussett Cattle Co. shipped in thirty two hundred head of Manitoba dogies in the fall of 1906 and put them on their ranch north of the Saskatchewan River, directly north of Maple Creek. In the spring they had about two hundred and fifty left. Other large outfits such as the Seventy Six, Circle Diamond, T Down, the V and many others were nearly out of business but managed to build back up again. Nevertheless, this was the beginning of the end for the large cattle kingdoms and many, many small cattlemen were completely wiped out. I came through the winter better than most as I was running mostly dry stuff. I lost about twenty-five percent of the she stock. This went further to prove my belief that running dry stuff is the most profitable in the end on the northern range. It was my belief then and it still is.

## CHAPTER 6

The summer of 1907 was spent in a routine of hard work, haying, fencing and round ups. We were still trying to shake off the effects of the previous winter. I recall one day when I was mowing hay I looked over near the creek and saw a rider circling a large bushy tree. He would circle for a while and then stop and look up to the upper branches. Finally he spurred his horse and rode over to where I was and I recognized my friend, Jack Clifford, from the Madison who had come to Canada that spring. Pulling his horse to a halt by my mower he pushed his hat back and scratching his head he asked in perplexity,

"T. B., I have seen cows get in some mighty peculiar places to die but I never saw one climb a tree before. Just how did that cow get up in the top of that tree to die?"

I laughed and explained to him that the tree had been completely covered with snow the winter before and I could understand the look of doubt he gave me as it did seem nearly impossible looking at it now but after further explaining he was finally convinced.

I was not to be caught another winter as I had been before with out fences to hold my cattle on their winter range. I worked hard all summer and by fall I had things pretty well in shape. I had more hay, good fences and a huge supply of wood stored up.

The following winter was comparatively mild and about the only loss we took was from timber wolves. They were quite a menace in those days. One night I had a bunch of calves bedded down up the creek from the ranch and the wind was blowing from the north west. A pack of these ghostly grey killers scented the calves and came in against the wind. There were eight of them in the pack. The following morning Frank Kirby

and I spotted their tracks and spurred our horses to a run. When we got there we had eight dead calves. We trailed the pack all day but they finally got into heavy timber and got away.

It was seldom that any of these wiley killers were shot with a rifle. They were just too smart to let you get close enough for a good shot. I have shot at them many times but I do not think I ever hit one. They were sly, fast and deadly fighters when cornered. One timber wolf would kill a number of stock when hungry but unlike his cousin, the buffalo wolf, the timber wolf, if unmolested, would nearly always return to his kill.

A neighbor, Tom Nash, found one of his cows killed by a pack of wolves and the body was still warm. At once Tom peeled back about a square foot of her hide and poured strychnine poison on the meat. Still being warm, the entire carcass absorbed the poison and when he returned the next morning he had nine dead wolves. This was a great piece of luck though and could not be done very often.

I have shot many coyotes, quite a few with a six-shooter, but the cagey old timber wolf was a different matter. To any who have not heard the mournful wailing cry of the timber wolf it would be hard to describe. No matter how often you have heard it the low pitched, mournful howl would send a chill of dread through you in the early morning stillness. It was a soul searching cry, starting with a low pitch and mounting in volume until it reached its peak, then receding in a mournful wail that somehow gave you a feeling that cold death had whispered in your ear. No other sound on this earth is quite like it.

Unlike the coyote or any other of the wild dog species, the wolf was a deadly fighter that never took hold with his teeth. He fought with a snapping turning and twisting of his mighty jaws and razor sharp fangs, that could slash and cut like a knife. He was active and quick and with a darting side sweep he would cut in behind a full grown cow, and with one slash, cut the ham strings of her hind legs, thus putting her legs out of commission. Then it was only a matter of a few seconds until he would dart in and, with another slash, open her jugular vein as she lay helpless on the ground.

I recall hearing of a rancher importing six Russian wolf hounds at quite a cost. With these he figured to clean up the ever menacing killers. One sly old wolf had been killing many of his cattle so he set forth with his pack of hounds at once. The Russian wolf hound does not trail by scent but runs by sight only, so it was a couple of days before the rancher could locate Mr. wolf. Finally, on the third day out, the wolf was seen just leaving a kill. The dogs were turned loose and the chase was on. The hounds and their quarry soon outdistanced the saddle horses of the rancher and his friend but they rode as hard as they could to be in on the kill. After running their horses a mile or so at a break-neck speed, they came to the scene of the battle where the hounds had caught their wolf. The snow over quite an area around was red with blood and four of the prize hounds were dead, their throats cut as clean as if with a butcher knife. Off a short distance another dog lay whimpering, with his belly opened up

and his insides hanging out. The sixth dog was trying to get up with howls of pain from two severed front legs. The rancher, with a curse, pulled his gun and put the two dogs out of their misery and thus ended the wolf hunt with hounds and also a large investment.

The wolves were a menace for several years but were finally killed off. The Cattlemen's Association offered large rewards which attracted professional trappers and poisoners to the area, the government also sent in trappers. They were finally exterminated but it certainly was not easy. As great a killer as they were you just could not help but admire them a little too.

In the spring of 1908 I was offered the position of manager of the Elling Ranch on the upper Madison River. Esther and I talked it over and I must admit we were both a little anxious to go back to our old home and see our many friends there. After giving the offer due consideration I decided to accept it. We decided to keep our Canadian holdings until I knew how the job was going to work out. It would be good to see and ride in my old home range in the mountains once more, or so I thought.

I had a very busy summer on the Elling ranch but I had a good crew and everything went well. Somehow though I could not quite get used to the mountains that I was raised in, I wanted to see over them or something. I just couldn't pin it down but it was a feeling of not quite being satisfied and every once in a while I would catch myself thinking of the great prairie short grass country that I had grown to respect and love.

We had a wonderful crop of oats that fall and we had it all ready to thresh when, on the first of October, twenty-four inches of snow fell, burying the crop completely. There was nothing to do but forget the threshing for a while so I put the crew to gathering the beef cattle out of the West Fork of the Madison. While we were on round up the weather cleared and became very warm again.

We cut out the beef cattle and trailed them to Monida, our shipping point, a little town on the Montana, Idaho border. While approaching this quiet little town, one of the dry cows wandered off the beaten path and proceeded to get herself and everybody else in trouble. As the local dump grounds were near by this inquisitive critter jammed her hind foot through an old five gallon kerosine can. The can stuck like a burr and, with a bellow of fear, our wandering bovine started to kick and run. Of course this spooked the rest of the herd and a miniature stampede started right down the middle of the main street of Monida. This was not serious and it gave us many laughs but it was not very funny to the local citizenry, who beat a hasty retreat into the first house or doorway.

Returning to the home ranch we found the snow all gone and the crop drying out fast. By late October I was able to get all the threshing done and we were all set for winter. Wintering here was quite different than in Canada as we fed everything here. I got along very well on this ranch but somehow I was not satisfied. Mr. Elling made me a very attractive offer later on in the winter. He wanted me to take over the ranch

and run it as if it were my own. I pondered for some time but finally told him that I just could not take the offer.

I had the great prairie country in my blood and the northern range country was calling me back. Neither Esther or I were satisfied in the mountains anymore. I guess you would call it homesickness. We still owned our ranch in Canada and, as the winter wore on, we talked more and more of the Cypress Hills. We would look at the high mountains surrounding us and wish that we could see over them. The great short grass country had claimed us and we were in its grip. By spring we had reached the decision that I felt we would make all along. We were going to move back home. After all the hardships of the hard winter, the vast sea of grass, the open prairie—all of these beckoned to us and I knew with a certainty then that I could never be satisfied in the mountains again. Friends and neighbors that we had been through a lot with, were also thought of with affection. Yes sir, that was home to us now. The hardships of the previous years somehow brought us closer together and we just had to get back.

Jack Wright, who had been working for me at the Elling ranch, was very interested in the north country also and upon learning of our decision, he and his wife decided to go with us. We purchased two wagons and loaded them with household goods and furniture. These we pulled with four horse teams.

Once more bidding old friends and relatives good bye, we started on the long journey north. We trailed across to Boulder, Montana, the nearest point on the Great Northern railroad. By loading there our freight rates were greatly reduced.

We shipped to Havre where we once more unloaded and trailed across the border to our home on Davis Creek. I'll never forget how good the old range looked to me on those spring days, north of Havre. Old familiar landmarks, the thought of soon seeing our friends and neighbors, yes, it was good to be coming home.

## CHAPTER 7

Having moved back into our house I settled down to raising and running cattle. The next few years were filled with hard work. I rented additional ground, plowed it all up and put it into oats and raised some wonderful crops. The country was getting more thickly settled now and we had many good times with neighbors, in get-togethers of all kinds. Country picnics were held at Murrydale, our new post office. People would come from miles around and the women folks would bring piles of good food. Horse races, bucking contests, roping, foot racing and many other sports would be enjoyed at these picnics, they were the forerunner of the rodeo. The young men in this community were all good hands and good riders. There were many good exhibitions put on at these little country shows.

If I remember correctly, the first picnic was held in 1909. It was held in a different spot for a year or two and finally the permanent spot was selected by George Doonan, where the Murrydale Stampede is held yet today. Later the show grew into a rodeo and here some outstanding riders were first able to show their talents. To mention a few there were the Perrin boys, Burt Ingraham, Ed Keely, Art and Earl Whitney, Joe McDonald, George Armstrong and many, many others too numerous to mention who were well known in the rodeo business both then and later. I think that there were as many good bucking horses and rope horses came out of this area as any in the country.

The food was also outstanding. Just before lunch you could see perhaps half a dozen men turning the old hand ice cream freezer handles, and the delicious contents therein little resembled the ice cream that is common today. It was much richer and better, made out of pure thick cream and usually topped by wild strawberries which then grew everywhere.

We built an addition to our house and when it was completed we gave a dance to celebrate the occasion. Friends, neighbors and strangers came from miles around, many came for supper and stayed for breakfast. Esther and I played all night and enjoyed every minute of it. There were many came from Maple Creek and I remember one in particular, a Mrs. English. She was eighty years young and at supper time she entertained us all by dancing a jig. Let me tell you, we really had a good time at the old neighborhood dances, good clean honest fun. We played for many such dances in those days, travelling sometimes forty miles by team and on two or three occasions as high as seventy miles.

Our life was far from being all fun though. There were many prairie fires which were always a menace in the dry season. The grass was about a foot high and lay in a thick mat and when this was dry a fire could do a wonderful job of getting started in a hurry. In those days, whenever a smoke or blaze was sighted we dropped whatever we were doing and got there as fast as we could. Our only equipment consisted of wet gunny sacks or slickers or for that matter, anything that came handy. There is no harder work than swinging a wet sack all day, and sometimes all night, in the blistering heat of a grass fire. The women folk would bring or send food and drink, canned tomatoes being about the best all round thing there was. As one old timer said, "If you are hungry you can eat 'em and if you are thirsty you can drink 'em."

I remember one bad fire which was set by a neighbor who was green to the ways of the land. He was trying to burn off some ground for farming and the wind shifted. The fire got away from him and was gone in a flash in the high grass. About a hundred men were soon out on this fire and it was held in an area about five miles square but it certainly did a great deal of damage. There was much freshly stacked hay burned and it was just all we could do to save my buildings. We fought it all day and all night, bringing it under control in the stillness of early morning.

I have seen the head fires travel in a high wind faster than a horse could run. It was nearly useless to try to fight the head fire, but you had to

fight the sides and gradually try to pinch it out. In the early days when the grass was high, some of these prairie fires would even jump creeks, and sometimes even rivers in a high wind. Most of them were started by lightening but, of course, man's carelessness was also to blame for many. I know of one bad fire that was started by a rider's horse that was shod. The iron shoe struck a rock, thus sending a spark into the tinder dry grass, which ignited almost instantly.

As I had need of quite a few poles for building corrals and other sheds. I made a deal with the forest reserve to get them. I do not recall just how many my permit called for but I figured that it would take several days to have them cut. As I was busy with the cattle I hired George Doonan for this job. Now George was quite a noted axe man and I knew he had plenty of experience at this sort of thing but just how much I was to learn in a short time. Early one bright sunny day George took his trusty axe and headed out on the reserve to cut these poles. In the afternoon of the same day I was working a few cattle in a nearby coulee when I looked up and saw a rider approaching, quiring his horse in a mad race down the coulee toward me. As he got quite close I recognized the local forest ranger who now I do not recall by name. Pulling his sweaty steed to a halt he said in a voice of concern, "T. B., did you hire Doonan to cut some poles for you up on the reserve?" I felt a quick concern as I thought that something must have happened to George. I hastily replied that I had and the ranger mopped his brow and exclaimed, "Well for gosh sake, get up there and stop him, he's got over half the hill cut down by now. He's got a double bitted axe and is getting a tree with every stroke, going and coming."

I hastened to the ranch and after putting my team away I saddled my horse and rode to the scene of destruction. Here I found George, swinging merrily away, apparently as fresh as if he had just started. There were poles laying everywhere. I talked him into not cutting any more and when I settled with the forest service for the poles I was required to pay an extra fifty dollars for the over cut. Never in my life had I seen an axe man that could keep in sight of George Doonan and he worked just this same way at anything he would tackle. He worked for me many times after that and we became lifelong friends. I understand that at this writing George can still swing a pretty wicked axe.

On August 29, 1912 our second son Phil was born in Maple Creek. Wayne was now five years old and nearly ready for school. Even at this age he could stick to the back of a horse like a burr and I was taking him on short rides with me whenever possible. I bought a small strawberry roan horse for him and we named him Rabbit. This horse had one fault, he loved to take the bit in his teeth and run away, but it did not seem to bother Wayne a great deal. Later he won quite a few horse races with Rabbit and rode him to school every day.

In the next few years the country was slowly but surely settling up and free range was becomming more scarce all the time. The cattlemen were being forced back or leasing large acreage and fencing. Even at this early date I could see, with dread, the end of the large cattle spreads. The

small cattlemen were not bothered much yet but their operations were becoming more individual all the time. As farmers and new settlers moved in it became harder for the ranchers to work their stock together. I had planned to expand into a large cattle ranch some day but my dreams were slowly being forced into the background as I could see that the range was just not going to be there. I began to think of other interests that would be in my line of work and in the early spring of 1914 I met a cattle buyer from Stonewall, Manitoba, by the name of Dick Buck. We struck up a friendship at once, which was to be a fine and lasting one. Dick was one of the squarest and finest men I have ever known, and before long we had made a deal to go into business together.

Dick hurried home and shipped out two hundred head of Manitoba steers to me which I agreed to run on a split profit basis. I ran these steers from early spring until fall and when time came to ship I gathered every one of them. This was a pleasant surprise to Dick as he expected some loss. He was just not familiar with the range or with range men. This deal proved to be a good one financially and it started a wonderful partnership, one that few men enjoy with never a misunderstanding or an argument of any kind. I doubt if any two men ever got along better than Dick Buck and I. From this time on we worked together buying and selling cattle. Dick knew the eastern markets and I knew cattle and the men who run them. In these days I could estimate weights and quality pretty accurately. We bought many trainloads and shipped them east, mostly to Chicago.

Things were getting more crowded so in the early spring of 1916 I sold the ranch on Davis Creek and moved the family to Maple Creek. Dick and I had heard of a large lease in the Peace River country, held by Harv Messengale, an old acquaintance of mine. We decided to go there and look the situation over. We left Maple Creek in the early part of June by train. If this lease proved to be what we had heard it was we might seriously consider stocking it and making this our home.

Arriving in good time at Grand Prairie one of the first people we met was Burt Vettters, earlier mentioned as the clown of the outfit while moving to Canada. Burt was in Grand Prairie with a large bunch of sale horses and I was very glad to see him. The first thing I was reminded of was a story that Tom Whitney had recently told me concerning Burt, when he saw his first automobile.

They were trailing cattle to Monida, Montana when, not too far away, a car sped by at the unbelievable speed of twenty-five or thirty miles per hour. Burt hauled up his horse and, shoving his hat back on his head, watched with fascination until the car disappeared in a cloud of dust. When it was gone Burt turned with a grin and asked in a loud voice,

"How fast do you suppose that team was running when the tongue came out of that buggy?"

Burt joined us at once and we hastened to inquire about our lease. We learned that we were just a few days too late and that the lease had been thrown open to homesteaders. Our disappointment was somewhat lessened when we heard of another one on the Smokey River. This lease was recommended to us for its rich bottom land hay meadows and adjoin-

ing grazing land. We decided to see this piece of land before returning home anyway so we made a deal with Burt to accompany us and furnish saddle and pack horses. We hired a guide and started at once for Smokey River.

We could travel as many hours as we desired as, in this month of June, there was only about an hour and a half of complete darkness in the north country. The sun rose about two a.m. and about ten thirty p.m. it set. Our guide knew his business well and we made good time. In my entire life I had never seen such beautiful timber and believe me there was plenty of it. Yes, a beautiful country indeed but not too appealing to a cowboy. The farther we travelled the more sure I was that I would not like what we had come so far to see. and I was right. The so called beautiful meadow that had been described to us was nothing but swamp land and the grazing was all fire-killed timber which was so thick that you could hardly ride a horse through it. No sir! This was no place for grazing cattle and was certainly no place for a range man.

On our return journey we circled to the south to look over some other land that we had heard about. We had not gone far when we met some French Canadians who were going our way so we joined them. When we came to the Smokey River it was in flood and bank full. I could tell at a glance that to swim it with our pack outfit was out of the question entirely and this was when we thanked our lucky star that had thrown us in company with the northern natives. They took over the situation as if it was an everyday occurrence with them and I suppose maybe it was. They directed us to unpack everything and while we were engaged at this they cut about twelve large poles. Burt and I dragged these down to the water where the natives lashed them together into a raft. When the raft was ready we hazed the horses into the river and swam them across first. Then all our supplies and gear was deposited on the raft and, mounting upon it ourselves, we made the crossing high and dry. Just three hours from the time we first sighted the river we had our horses caught, packs loaded and were on the trail once more. The efficiency of those French Canadian natives was amazing.

Without further incident of importance we reached Grand Prairie and by this time we knew that the mighty Peace River country was no place for us so we wasted no time in taking the train for home.

## CHAPTER 8

After returning from Peace River I was filled with a sort of restless feeling and one of indecision . . . I knew that the huge free range was slowly being absorbed and that a man could be taking pretty much of a chance figuring on a cattle ranch of much size dependent on open range or even lease, as the government was starting to throw open much of their leased land to homesteaders. For a time I just looked around and then I was offered a partnership with P. A. Yeast in the big Sand Hills north of

Maple Creek. Our holdings were such that we were able to run about a thousand head of cattle and I went in as the manager. The buildings were good on the Yeast ranch and I moved the family out there at once.

I had a very busy summer but somehow I was never satisfied with the set up there. I had not managed it too long before I knew that we could never make a go of it. The water all over the place was bad and we had to pump it from wells. The worst feature of all was having to buy nearly all our feed as the land just would not produce it. I felt obligated to stay with it through the winter though to give it a good try.

The winter of 1916 and 1917 was a hard winter but nothing in comparison with the one ten years earlier. We had plenty of hay and we took a very small loss. We were forced to feed nearly everything and it was a winter of hard work and cold. When spring came and the grass turned green I gave up my partnership as a poor venture and again moved to Maple Creek.

Later that summer Dick Buck and I enjoyed a very profitable business of buying cattle for the eastern market. I purchased my first car that summer, a model T Ford touring car. Very proudly I wheeled my new buggy up before our house in town to take the family for a spin. (I had taken an hour and a half instruction from the garage man and knew all about driving.) The family was very excited and all piled in. I proudly pressed the low pedal, pulled down the hand throttle and we were off in a cloud of dust while everyone held grimly onto their hats, the family dog trailing in the rear. A short way out of town we came to a steep little hill and I forgot to step on the low gear. The Ford chugged along slower and slower then finally, with a final snort, the engine pulled down and quit. "Oh nuts," I said in disgust, "I killed the engine."

I had no sooner said this than Phil, then five years old, began to cry at the top of his lungs. Esther was trying to comfort him and we all wondered what was the matter with him and when we got him to stop crying for a second he sobbed out an answer to our questions, "Pa says the engine is dead because he killed it," and he started crying harder than ever. We all had a hearty laugh and then I bailed out and cranked her up again. After two or three attempts the hill was made and we were on our way once more, the family dog, Scottie, had caught up at the hill and rode proudly between the boys in the back seat.

During this year and the following year I had one of the best rope cut horses that ever wore a saddle. I named it Hornet. He was a high-lifed horse and as the old saying goes, he could turn on a dime and have a nickel to spare. I believe that some of his nervousness came from an experience that he had when a young horse. My friend, Jack Clifford was riding him and Jack's holstered .45 was accidentally discharged and the bullet pierced Hornet's right flank, not doing much damage but leaving a scar for life. This, of course, made him desperately afraid of a gun from that time on.

The Maple Creek Stampede had become quite an annual event, attracting the best riders, ropers and horses in the country and there were

many top hands and horses in those days. Here and at many other shows I roped off Hornet and made the money many times. One year the big Maple Creek show put up quite a purse for the best all around cow horse and Hornet won it. This was quite an achievement then as there were many well trained horses competing in the contest from all over the area. It took a good rider to stay with Hornet when he was working fast. I loaned him to a cowboy at one rodeo to rope off and this boy was a good rider too. He drew a large, active calf that ran fast and crooked. Hornet took to this calf and suddenly the calf made a sharp turn to the right. Hornet turned with the calf so fast that the rider was taken completely by surprise. He lost his seat and hit the ground on his belly with his rope still clutched in his hand. The crowd seemed to enjoy this more than a roping exhibition but I did feel sorry for the rider who felt pretty foolish. I, however, knew just what had happened as I had been on Hornet on many similar turns and I knew just how hard it was to keep your seat when he was working fast. Later I acted as judge for many shows but I have never yet seen a faster more active horse than Hornet in his prime.

I could write a book about the outstanding riders I have seen, both on the open range and at rodeos. I have seen some good ones but outstanding among them all was Tom's oldest boy, Art Whitney. I have seen Art ride under all conditions on all kinds of horses and very, very few could even bother him. He was one of the few riders I have ever known with an absolutely true sense of balance and timing. At a show it was not uncommon for Art to draw one of the meanest buckers to be had and after a few jumps he would take off his hat and bow to the grandstand from the hurricane deck of the outlaw. Many riders are good showmen from the back of not too hard a bucker while others can stay with the hardest of them but do not put on a very good show. Art could do both. He was, beyond doubt, the best all-around rider I have ever seen in action. Not long before he passed away a few years back, Art told me in all sincerity that he had never been bucked off or disqualified in a public performance and I know him to be a truthful man. I think this is a record that few men hold and is worth honorable mention. Time and space does not permit me to go into the detail I would like to, of the many rides I have seen him make with ease that would have thrown riders of less skill.

For years Chester Gilchrist and I were the best of friends, we called him Chey in those days. He was a large powerful and very active man, and also very good looking. We rode the range together under all conditions and hardships for several years. We were pretty well matched for size and it became a habit for us to wrestle or scuffle every time we would meet. I do not recall just how it started but it also became a habit to try to tear each others clothes off too. This was a continual worry to Esther, who could not understand for the life of her how two full grown men, six foot two in height could, and did, act like a pair of kids. I never knew myself.

One time on the range, I had lost three shirts in a row and I was fully determined to not lose another. While jogging along I spotted a rider in the distance and upon drawing nearer I recognized Chey. We drew rein.

and stopped to talk as usual and I noticed that he was really dolled up in a fine silk shirt that his mother had made for him. Right then my mind started functioning swiftly as I recalled the three ripped shirts of mine. Chey informed me that he was headed for town and I told him that I was looking for strays. I suddenly assumed a look of concern and pointing to the hills on the other side of Chey I asked,

"Chey, can you tell if those are horses over there?"

He paused in the conversation and then turned in his saddle to have a look. As his head turned I reached cautiously up, secured a firm grip on the collar of the gaudy shirt and spurred my horse. I thought the cloth never would tear but eventually it did and when it did part, the shirt tore completely in two down the middle. With an oath of surprise and anger, Chey righted himself in the saddle and then spurred in hot pursuit. The chase lasted for about a mile when suddenly I came to a rock pile. Flinging myself off my horse I ran to the top of the pile and picking up a rock about the size of my fist I made ready to defend myself. This proved to be a little too risky for my pursuer so we called a truce and Chey agreed to ride to my place with me for dinner and a shirt.

While waiting in the front room of the ranch house for dinner another wrestling match took place. After knocking over much furniture such as chairs, small tables and a window plant, we struggled over to the sofa, where we both tripped and fell on it, sending it to the floor with a crash. This ended the match with Esther the winner. She ran us both out of the house and forever banned the art of wrestling in her front room from that day on.

Just before the Stampede in Maple Creek in 1917 the people were coming to town from all over the country. I walked into the lobby of the Jasper hotel to see who might be in from the south country. I had no sooner entered until I noticed with delight that the man who was signing the register with his back to me was none other than good old Chey. Very quietly I approached to within about three feet and then, to the amazement of the hotel clerk, I grasped a pillar and with all my might swung my foot into Chey's protruding rear end. His face was driven forward on the desk top spilling the bottle of ink which lost no time in running down his shirt front and dripping off his chin. He gathered himself up and wheeled around to face me and my mouth fell open in amazement. It was not Chey! I had never seen this man before in my life. He was very angry and I'll tell you I had to do some fast explaining. He proved to be a good sport though and I guess the look on my face convinced him that my explanation was true. This taught me a lesson though that I have never forgotten. From then on I always waited until I could see a man's face before greeting him, in this manner at least.

## CHAPTER 9

In the fall of 1917 I accepted a position offered me by Fred Spears of the 76 Ranches. I was to manage the Crane Lake ranch where the com-

pany was wintering thirty four hundred head of cattle. The famous old 76 Ranches and holdings were owned by Gordon, Ironsides and Fares, Company, Limited. They owned packing houses in Moose Jaw, Sask., Winnipeg, Manitoba and Toronto, Ontario. They had ranches at Rush Lake, Sask., the Crane Lake Ranch at Piapot, Sask., and the home ranch known as the Fifty Mile Ranch about thirty miles south of Shaunavon, Sask. Their holdings covered a large area along the White Mud River from East End, Sask. nearly to the Montana border. The Fifty Mile Ranch alone consisted of two hundred and fifty thousand acres of Dominion lease and some deeded land. It was divided into four leases namely the Fifty Mile Field, the Messbox Field, the Black Horse Field and the Sand Lake Field. Each one of these fields was fenced by a three wire fence and contained some of the finest grazing land in the world. Here the company ran from ten to twelve thousand head of cattle and the leases were so large that a round up wagon was in operation from spring until fall. This was my kind of a ranch and I was very pleased to be connected with it.

I just had time to get well established at the Crane Lake ranch when winter set in. The winter of 1917 and 1918 was not too bad with the exception of one or two bad storms. I liked the ranch and the crew very well. It was here that I met one of the best little cowboys that ever sat a horse. His name was Shorty Marino and I believe that Shorty was part Mexican. He sported a fine black mustache and his laugh was one that would carry above any other when he was happy, which was most of the time. Shorty and I became fast friends and remained so for many years until our paths finally separated.

The dining room at Crane Lake had a table in it that I have never seen the like of before or since. It was a round table and the center revolved on ball bearings. Around the edge was a board about a foot and a half wide where you sat your plate and silverware. When you wanted something on the table instead of asking for it you merely gave the center board a spin and the desired article was brought to your reach at once. It was a fine invention for a large crew. This table may be seen today in the museum at Maple Creek. It is well preserved and when I saw it a short time ago it brought back many memories to me. As I stood there looking at it I could almost see Fred Spears sitting there pulling one of his numerous practical jokes.

In November, 1917 the company bought Enright and Strong's hay at East End, Sask. and at once moved in fifteen hundred head of calves to feed. On December 8th there came a terrible storm, the wind blowing the tops off the sheds and raising the devil in general. Through some mismanagement every calf got away and drifted with the storm and scattered over an area a hundred miles square. Most of them were in the rolling flat country south east of East End.

The manager of the Rush Lake Ranch and I received orders at once to get down there and try to straighten the mess out. On arriving at East End we found that very few of the calves had been recovered. The next morning we started to gather them and it was forty below zero. They were split up in small bunches and scattered everywhere. Ours was a tre-

mendous job. The weather remaind bitterly cold and we had to cover a large area to bring these small bunches of calves together and they were hard to drive as they were partly frozen and in bad shape. This was the toughest gather of cattle I ever made. When we did get them in the problem then was to find a place where we could keep them alive. This was solved by renting a large livery barn in East End. By hiring extra help, feed and water could be supplied here and the ones we did gather were saved in this manner. There were two hundred head that we never did find but we were fortunate to get back the ones we did under the circumstances.

As soon as our work was finished I started back to Crane Lake, riding one horse and leading two. These were the ones I had brought with me for the gather. The horse I had chosen to ride that morning had not gone far when I noticed he was getting sick. I knew at once what was causing it as I had seen the symptoms many times. Someone had given him too large a feed of oats. I never did know who it was and I guess it was just as well. I changed horses at once but as the day wore on he got worse. I was finally forced to leave him in an old sheep shed where he at least had shelter.

I arrived at Crane Lake Christmas Day and, as the family was living in Maple Creek I took the train at Piapot to join them for our Christmas dinner. Early the next morning I returned to the ranch and at once set out to see how my horse was. When I came to the sheep shed I found him dead so I sadly returned. A cowboy thinks so much of his horse that it is always a very sad occasion when he loses one.

My knowledge of cattle, cowboys and the range put me in very good standing with the 76 company, I worked hard and in the spring I was rewarded for this work. The promotion came as a sort of surprise to me and I could just hardly believe it at first. I was to move to the headquarters, the Fifty Mile Ranch, and there I was to take over the position of general manager. At first I could hardly realize that I was to be in charge of all the huge company's ranching operations. It was indeed a promotion that every good cowboy would dream of and I was very proud of it. It seemed now that this was the job I had been training for these many years of hard work, and I was determined to give it the best I had.

The huge country covered by the four leases before described had been originally laid out by Harry Otterson who was then manager. When I took over Harry was living about sixteen miles up the river and owned the T Down which was at that time mostly a horse ranch. The neighbors were few and far between and it was a big country in any direction. The home ranch consisted of a living house for the manager's family, a cook house and dining room, blacksmith shop, garage, and numerous barns and corrals. About fifteen men were employed and one man the year round to do the chores and tend the garden. In the summer time there were less men at the ranch as most of them were out with the round up

wagon. At that time the 76 was one of the largest operating cattle ranches in Canada.

I moved the family into the house at once and it was certainly a treat to be with them once more, Esther took over the bookkeeping for the ranches and supervised the cooking. This kept her mighty busy but she was as happy as I was to be back on the ranch once more. The boys were also very happy to be in the country where they could run off their energy at will.

The first job after I took over was to move the thirty four hundred head of cattle wintered at the Crane Lake ranch to the Fifty mile range for the summer. For this job I organized the wagon crew with Gil Bradley as wagon boss. Gil was one of the best wagon bosses I have ever known. He was honest, knew cattle, a good judge of men and a top hand with horses and was just thoroughly capable in every way. He had only one bad fault and that was a love for whiskey, which was the downfall of more than one good man in those days and still is. Outside of this Gil was strickly a top hand and he was particularly known for taking good care of his outfit. To give a more complete picture of his habits I will relate the following to demonstrate some of his humor and understanding with men.

At this time the Great World War I had taken many of our top hands and we were hiring just about anyone who could sit a horse. The inexperienced men threw a double burden on the older hands sometimes forcing them to work double shifts to keep things going. One evening as the crew were eating their supper a green kid rode up to the wagon and asked Gil for a job. Gil told him to light down and have some grub and they would talk it over. Thus being reassured, and with his plate full he became very talkative. Gil had a physical defect in the form of a very flat and crooked nose. I never knew what caused it and we who knew him never asked. The kid, however, was bent on getting acquainted in a hurry. Everyone was sitting with their plates on their crossed legs when the kid in a loud voice asked,

"Mr. Bradley, what happened to your nose?"

You could have heard a pin drop as the cowboys stared at their plates and waited expectantly. Gil finished chewing a large piece of steak and then drawled,

"Well son, I got my nose this way keeping it out of other people's business."

The wagon had not been out long until I saw that we were very short of good horses. The ones we had were pretty badly run down with work. I decided to go into Montana and look around for some good saddle stock to replace the shortage. I took one of the top hands with me to help pick them out and bring them home. For this I chose Walt Larson who was a good hand with horses. Walt and I drove the company model T to Malta, Montana and there, after some inquiry we decided to visit the Long X horse ranch south of that town. The Long X was owned by the Reynolds Cattle Company and was run by Joe Reynolds, one of the most honest and truthful men I have ever known. It was a pleasure to do busi-

ness with Joe. We were not long in picking out sixty head of good saddle horses, only fifteen head of which were broken to ride. Upon getting home I left Walt Larson and Otto Moir to break them while the wagon was out and they did a fine job. They were both good horse men.

Working on the 76 wagon the hours were long and steady. With the exception of the green hands earlier mentioned, there was not a weakling in the bunch that worked on this wagon. The 76 round up crew were as good a group of cowboys as ever rode the range. They were rough and ready and the long hours did not seem to matter to them at all. It would be impossible for me to recall all their names but I will name several of the top hands as I remember them. They were, Gil Bradley, Walt Larson, Otto Moir, Ralph Nelson, Slim O'Connor, Pete Kaufman, Archie McCullum, Shorty Hensman, Jack (Red) Stewart, Bill (Scotty) Murdock, Murry McMasters, Chic Barlow, the Trottier brothers, Max, Jim and John, Doc Corrigan and cooks, Earl Smart, Emmitt Bradley and Jack Stith. There were many other good hands that worked for a time that I do not recall their names at present but they are not omitted purposely or for lack of ability. They were all good hands. I would like to have the space and time to write about each and every one of those cowboys who rode the range with me as their kind are fading out of the picture mighty fast. Many have crossed that great divide and the rest of us are slowing up with old age.

The meal hours on the wagon were, breakfast at or about two a.m., dinner at ten a.m., (if you were lucky enough to get into the wagon) and supper about four or five p.m. In the morning they would eat a hurried meal, rope their horses out of the rope corral, hit the saddle and be quite a ways out on circle by daylight.

A neighboring rancher, Bud Prescott, rode into the wagon one evening and made the remark that he had to get home that night. The next morning, while eating breakfast in the dark Gil noticed that Bud was still there, so he sauntered over and said,

"I thought you were going on home last night Bud."

Bud, still yawning, replied, "I guess I can still go home last night, can't I?" Then grinning he added, "It sure doesn't take long to stay all night here."

The old time round up cooks have gained considerable recognition in the history of the west but I would like to add a bit to this in regard to our cook, Earl Smart. The duties of the cook were to drive the cook wagon pulled by four half wild horses, locate and pitch camp and have a good meal ready for a hungry crew when they were in from circle. Earl was a devil-may-care sort of fellow who just didn't seem to know what fear was. I can see him yet, perched high on the seat of his cook wagon, falling off those steep hills with his four horses on a dead run. Always happy I have seen him pull up to a camp sight, jump down and drop the tongue of the wagon, unbuckle the belly bands and hame straps, then the collars and then jerk the bridles off the horses with the tugs still hooked and jump the horses out of the harness. Before you could tell what he was about he would have dinner or supper well started, whistling all the while.

Gordon Ironsides, one of the owners, came out to look over the spread and he and I were jolting along the trail of the wagon in the company Ford. As we wound our way through the rolling hills, Gordon was telling me about the supplies he had sent out to the wagon. One item seemed to please him more than any other, economy wise, and this was a two hundred pound sack of salt pork. When he told me about it I had my own opinion about getting the hard working boys to eat salt pork when there was plenty of fresh beef but I kept my thoughts to myself. As we bounced into the grassy coulee, I noticed a large brown object about the size of a man, in the grass beside the road. We pulled to a stop beside the object which proved to be Gordon's prized sack of salt pork which had never been opened. Ironsides jumped out of the car exclaiming,

"By gosh T. B., Earl must have lost this off the wagon on this rough ground."

I agreed with a nod and clambering out assisted him in lifting the sack into the back seat of the Ford. I had my own idea as to how the sack got lost but as before I kept it to myself.

We finally came up with the wagon and after greetings were exchanged I unloaded the sack and drug it over to Earl, saying in a loud voice for Ironside's benefit,

"We found this over in that rough coulee Earl, I guess you will have to be a little more careful how you load it next time."

Earl scratched his head then a very serious look came over his face as he said, very concerned,

"Well I'll be darned, lost it before I ever got a chance to use any of it. I'll sure put it where I won't lose 'er this time you can bet on that."

The next day we had been looking at the herd the boys had gathered and from there we were heading back to the ranch when we came once more upon the recent tracks of the wagon in the high grass. We had followed this but a short distance when, by golly, there in front of us lay the same sack of pork. I stopped the car and Ironsides looked at it for a good full minute before he turned to me and swore,

"By ——— T. B., I believe that Earl is deliberately throwing that meat away."

I had a very hard time keeping a straight face. Gordon was a reasonable man though, and after I had fully explained the situation to him he could understand why a man, working as these men were needed fresh meat. With a sigh he resigned to let the boys continue eating beef and perhaps it was just as well as probably the next time Earl would have thrown the sack in the river anyway.

## CHAPTER 10

After the beef were gathered that fall Mr. Fares, another owner asked me what I thought about grazing cattle in the Fifty Mile Field for the winter, it had never been tried before. As the field had not been pastured at all that summer I told him that I thought it was an excellent

idea. Later that fall we turned five thousand head into this field and I put three men to opening water for them on the river. It proved to be a very good plan as the winter of 1918 and 19 was a very mild winter anyway.

We had the weaning pens down the river about a mile from the home ranch and in the fall we weaned fifteen hundred calves away from their mothers. The calves were shut in the pens and the first night the cows gathered and bawled their lonesomness. Ironsides had arrived again and as we stood in the yard he asked me what the great roar was that he could hear down the river. I explained to him that it was fifteen hundred calves, accompanied by their mothers in one of the greatest range choruses the world could ever hear. Three thousand voices in full cry at the same time. He said that he had never heard anything like it and after a few more moments of listening I replied,

"No, and you never will. There just isn't anything like it. I would compare it to the cry of the wild goose in that respect, there is no other sound quite like that either."

It is funny how things like that can live forever in the memory of an old cowboy, I guess it is just because it is one that is so closely connected with his work. It is probably a sound that will not be heard again and yet, in my memory I can hear it still, loud and clear.

While the winter of 1918 and 19 gave us very little trouble with the cattle it did present a far greater hazard. This was the well remembered epidemic of the influenza, commonly called the flu. The dread disease swept the entire world that year, killing people by the thousands. We were no exception although we suffered no deaths, there were nine of us in bed at one time. We had the doctor from Shaunavon and he advised me to hire a trained nurse to care for us, administer medicine and so on. For this job I hired a young nurse by the name of Miss Knot. She did a remarkable job and it was certainly no small one either. The family was down in bed and I, being the first to recover, got out of doors too soon and suffered a relapse. This time I stayed there for some time and I was told that I came as near to death that time and still live as it was possible to get. The terrible disease took many of our friends and neighbors that winter. Although it was a winter of suffering and anxiety it was not entirely without its humor.

We had a Mr. and Mrs. Ted Bryant working at the ranch during that time, Ted was helping with the feeding and Mrs. Bryant with the cooking. We had the doctor out for Ted and he left some medicine and explicit orders about his eating, one in particular being not to eat anything greasy. Mrs. Bryant, being a very nervous and flighty person was very fussy about the orders left and she was particular to the point of extreme about the amount of medicine and the time it was taken. Ted was feeling very low one evening when it became time for his medicine. Mrs. Bryant, noticing the time, rushed into the pantry, got the bottle off the shelf and carefully measured out a tablespoonful of what she thought was his flu medicine. After he had taken it she walked out into the kitchen to wash the bottle and spoon. Looking at the bottle she froze in horror.

She had given her husband a tablespoon of Iodine! The good woman dropped everything and rushed from the house, screaming at the top of her lungs that she had poisoned Ted. Now there was about twenty of us there at the time and each and everyone had an antidote for Iodine poisoning. We poured them all down him, Ted just sat there in bed and very calmly took anything we handed him. He took melted lard, milk, eggs, mustard and I have no idea what else but none of them even made him vomit. I still cannot believe it but Ted never did feel any ill effects from either the poison or the remedies. He was, or seemed to be, the least concerned of all and after we had managed to get Mrs. Bryant calmed down he looked at us and grinned.

"That doctor told me to not eat anything greasy and just now I drank a ten pound pail of lard."

All this must have been a new remedy however, as the next morning Ted was up and around and said that he felt better than he had for a month. Mrs. Bryant looked worse than he did from the after effects.

During the winter months we solved the school problem by hiring Margie Perrin, the daughter of one of our Cypress Hills neighbors, to teach the boys at the ranch. There was no school within thirty miles. She had a room in the house which she converted into a class room and here school was held on schedule.

For several years the cattlemen had been bothered with a disease among the stock called the mange. It was a disease of the skin and would, in time, take off all their hair. I have seen cows absolutely stripped of hair except little bunches between their horns and some on the tip of their tails. Rumor has it that this disease originated from the buffalo. I do not know if this is so but the disease was very contagious. Even coyotes were common carriers of the mange. It was a hard thing to control as some were treating for it and others were not.

The disease had become such a threat that the 76 had built a large swim dipping vat on the north shore of Sand Lake in 1916. It was eighty feet long and just wide enough for the cattle to swim in single file through it. It held nine feet of dip which consisted of sulphur and lime mixture with water. As the water had to be warm a large upright steam boiler was installed. The water was pumped by steam pump to fill the vat and supply the boiler. The corrals here would hold about twenty five hundred cattle. The two smaller drain pens at the outlet end of the vat were so built that the dip draining from the cattle would run back into the vat. All in all it was a very good set up and to illustrate how fast range cattle could be dipped here, I have seen fifteen hundred head of range cattle run through before sun up in the morning. It was also a good safe operation. During my experience there and the tens of thousands of cattle run through I have only seen two head drown. People used to come from all over the country to watch this gigantic operation. The old timers will remember this dipping vat well. The trench where it was can still be seen on the north shore of Sand Lake which is about three miles south east of

the present town of Maselfield, Sask. If your nose is working right you can still smell the sulphur.

In June 1919 the mange was still not controlled by a long way. The larger ranchers had been dipping but the smaller ranchers and farmers had not as they were not equipped to do so. As the stock mixed quite a bit the disease still spread and was getting out of hand. The government finally realizing the menace, issued an order requiring all cattle to be dipped. They were to be dipped twice, ten days apart in an all-out effort to curb the mange once and for all. The farmers and small ranchers in the entire territory made a deal with the 76 to dip their cattle as they had no equipment. This caused the greatest scene of confusion that I have ever seen in a full life time of handling cattle. After we had dipped five thousand 76 cattle the farmers brought their cattle in and at once pandemonium reigned.

To describe the action clearly I must add a few words for the benefit of my readers who never saw range cattle handled in a business like way, which is the everyday work of the cowboy. A large bunch of range cattle could be brought in at a time and with smooth work of men who knew their trade, they could be handled with ease. It was almost as if the cattle knew what they were to do. Range cattle sort of respect a man on horseback and can be turned in large bunches as they seem to more or less follow the leader. This is not so, however, with the farmer's old pet, or milk cow. No sir, she does not give a darn what happens, she just is not going to get bothered or move fast for any whooping character on a horse.

Picture now a mixture of about two thousand head of these old gentle milk cows, skim milk calves, pet steers, pet bulls and so on, all different colors and sizes. These all thrown together in one bawling herd that the devil himself could not move or scare. The bawling of the cattle mingled with the cries of several hundred farmers hollering for Bessie or Susie, Old Brindle or whatever her name might be. This, in turn, mixed with the cries of women and children who had accompanied their pets to see that they got a square deal. You can see that this would cause quite a mix-up and you might also readily imagine the cowboy's thoughts as they tried to get their work done. It required about half of us to ride herd on the people to keep them out of trouble. The cowboy, by nature, is quite a prankster and it kept me ever on the alert to see that they did not get someone hurt. In spite of my watchfulness though, some of the boys had their fun.

A farmer had been looking for his steer and had queried most every one he saw about him. Some of the boys noticed a long rangy steer in the draining pen that was really on the fight, as most of them were when they came out of the vat. Of course this gave them an idea. One of them spurred over to the farmer and very helpful like, said that he thought the lost steer was in the draining pen and suggested that the farmer have a look. Of course the cowboy would not have known the farmer's steer from a ground hog but this never once occurred to the man, who became real

excited and over the fence he went to have a look. When he got nearly to the middle of the pen the big steer saw him and with a snort and a shake of his horns he charged. With a mighty leap and a sprint that any track man would be very proud of, the farmer made the fence. With a long leaping dive, as if going swimming, he cleared the fence and the steer hit it with a resounding whack that unseated two or three onlookers perched on the top rail. The boys really got a good laugh out of this but I had to put a stop to it at once as the next man might not be as good a sprinter as the first one.

Along with the fact that all the farmers and their families were in the way there were about two hundred cars full of sightseers from the nearby towns and communities in the area. Many of the ladies were nicely dressed. They did not want to miss anything so they would crowd up to the vat to watch the cattle swim. About the time the line was well crowded up to the edge, some old spooky cow would make a long running jump and hit the dip. The ensuing splash would cover our screaming visitors from head to foot and sulphur and lime do not come off too easily either.

When the farmers' cattle were all run through the mix-up did really become tremendous. It seemed to me that every owner there was in the corrals at one time on foot. Now if there is anything disgusting to a cowboy it is to see someone trying to work cattle on foot. I just cannot see yet how the mess ever got straightened out but it did somehow. We all felt pretty well beat though and it did not cheer us up one bit to think that this entire procedure had to be repeated again in ten days.

This final mass dipping cleaned up the mange and the old dipping vat was never used again. It is hard to picture it as it was then and I am sure that if this action could be repeated today that it would draw a far larger crowd than a first class rodeo. To us though, it was a lot of hard work and yet whenever I see this old sight at Sand Lake I sort of get a lump in my throat and, closing my eyes for a minute I can see those huge herds grazing on the nearby hills, hear the roar of many bawling cattle and the yells of the cowboys at work. The smell of sulphur reaches my nostrils and with it I seem to hear the splash of those bodies hitting the water and then, it is almost a surprise to me to open my eyes and see nothing there but an old cut in the ground. It just does not seem possible that never again will this scene be repeated. Just another scene out of the past that will soon be entirely forgotten.

## CHAPTER 11

The winter of 1919 and 20 was a hard one and one that will stay clear in my memory forever. Early that fall the 76 made one of the greatest mistakes they ever made in their ranching business. We weaned twelve hundred calves and the company shipped the cows north of Regina, Sask. to winter. In place of these they shipped in twelve hundred Alberta cows

to winter at the Fifty Mile, why, I will never know. These cows were not used to the range and it was late when they got there so they would not have wintered good if the winter would have been easy.

We were short of hay and before long the company was shipping hay in, in an effort to save the cows. The hay came from Manitoba and was the poorest excuse for hay I have ever seen. I believe it was cut on top of the ice in sloughs and there was not a green spear in it. Twelve car loads of this hay was shipped to the nearest town on the railroad which was Admiral, Sask. and from there it had to be hauled twenty five miles by sleigh.

To add to our already desperate situation about three feet of ice froze on the river. The water would not rise through it and we were forced to set up heated pump houses and pump the water to the cattle. The pumps took several men's time and we fed the hay on the ice of the river mostly but it was such poor hay that our losses increased steadily. By the latter part of the winter I hired one man to do nothing but skin dead cattle as their hides were worth about twelve dollars each at that time. In the spring I hauled two four horse loads of hides to Admiral and mile up the river from the ranch working a bunch of calves in to water. these two loads in the amount of thirty six hundred dollars.

One bitterly cold morning in February, 1920, I was about a half mile up the river from the ranch working a bunch of calves in to water. It was thirty five below zero and everything was frozen solid. I had the calves strung out and trailing good when they smelled some cows that were on feed to one side and instantly they started to run. I was riding Jerry, my top horse at that time and he was sharp shod. I got them all turned but one that was stubborn and Jerry really went to work on him. When the calf turned the horse tried to turn with him but the sharp shoes did not hold in the frozen ground. He flipped on his side so fast that I did not have time to get clear and my foot was smashed between the swell of my saddle and the rock-hard ground. My horse got up at once and headed for the barn and there I lay. The pain had not really began yet, my foot was just numb but I knew that it was hurt bad. I realized that I could not lay there at all or I would surely freeze to death so I began dragging myself toward the river, where some of the boys were feeding cattle. It seemed as though I pulled myself along for ages but I guess it was not too far when two of the boys going up the river ice with a stone boat chanced to look up and saw me. They carried me to the stone boat and hurried me to the house. I do not think it was much over thirty minutes after my horse fell that I was on my bed at home and yet my foot was frozen as all the blood had been squeezed out of it and there was no circulation. The big toe was broken and lay back along side my foot and was froze there. There were also many small bones broken in my foot I found later. When the frost started to come out of that foot the pain I endured for the next twenty six hours was nearly unbearable but there was nothing could be done about the time. Some of the men left at once for the doctor at Shaunavon but they had to make it in forty below wea-

ther through from two to three feet of snow with a team and sleigh. It was sixty miles round trip. It was ten in the morning when I got hurt and it was noon the next day when the doctor arrived. The doctor did the best he could but my foot has been very bad ever since the accident. When the company heard about my accident they at once sent word for me to go anywhere I wanted to go for treatment and they would pay all expenses. I thought at the time that I couldn't get away, with things in the shape they were, but I have regretted that decision many times since. When the foot mended it left a large bump on the side of my foot and I have had to have boots made to order in able to wear them at all.

While I was in bed and later on crutches I had ample time to spend with the boys who were growing up enough by this time to get into plenty of mischief. It would seem to some that there would not be too much for boys of their age to do on a ranch of that type but those two had no trouble whatever of thinking up something for their amusement. There were times when I felt like giving them a good old fashioned seat warming but guess I never did.

On one occasion they studied their field and came up with an idea that nearly ruined the whole crew. The bunkhouse was situated about fifty yards from the cookhouse and there was a board walk which connected the two. When a meal was ready the cook would ring a bell and the cowboys would usually hit the walk at a high run and race to the cook house.

Now the two boys watched this procedure for several evenings and their coniving brains went to work. Finally a plan was carefully formed and one evening when it became dark they went to work. They carried bricks from a pile near the blacksmith's shop as fast as they could until they had enough. Then, across the walk they built a pile about three bricks thick and about the height of a man's knees. When this booby trap was all set they just couldn't wait and although it was about fifteen minutes until supper time, one of the culprits went into the porch of the cook house and rang the bell. When it rang the men, as usual, piled out the door and raced at break-neck (which is certainly the right word here) speed for their supper. Suddenly the front row hit the pile of bricks and down they went. The ones coming behind had up a goodly rate of speed and they were tripped by the ones down in front. Before the action stopped there were about eighteen men in one huge mass of tangled arms and legs. With curses they untangled themselves and limped on to the cook house where they were met by an enraged cook. She informed them in no uncertain terms that she would do the ringing of the bell when supper was ready and until then they could, and would wait in the bunk house. With hanging heads they made their way back to the bunk house but very cautiously this time and from then on. They swore vengeance on a couple of so-and-so's they could name but by this time the subjects of their anger were well hidden, buried to their eyes in a hay stack some distance away.

I never interfered in these maneuvers unless they became too violent. The men liked the boys and never passed up an opportunity to tease

them and then the boys would seek revenge. Thus something like the above would take place. All this was just part of their training and they had to learn to take the bitter with the sweet I must admit though, that it was a continual worry to Esther. Some of the language the boys picked up was the cause of mouths being washed out with soap and the exercising of the strap if the occasion demanded. At times they would fight until Esther feared for their lives.

Spring broke early in 1920. By April the cows that had been wintered north of Regina were brought back and they were a sorry looking lot believe me. Mother nature was surely with us that spring. If we would have had one storm I am sure we would have lost most of those cows, but luck favored us and the green grass that came early soon put some meat on their bones. This was a busy spring. Besides the regular round up we gathered a large group of old Mexican cows which the company had decided to fatten and sell in the fall. These cows had been shipped from Mexico to Malta, Montana and trailed north in 1912. By much hard work and long hours we had both jobs completed by the first of July.

That summer ended the great 76 and my work there. The company had suffered many reverses through the First World War. The ranches continually made them money but they took their great losses in the packing houses. I was told that they lost a million dollars in butter alone at the end of the war.

By fall the deal that had been pending was completed. The Pat Burns Company of Calgary, Alberta bought the Fifty Mile Ranch and three of the great leases. The two companies could not get together on the price of the largest one, the Sand Lake lease and it was still retained by the company. After much thought and some dealing Mr. Fares and I took over this lease.

The Sand Lake or Seventy Mile lease, as it was sometimes called, contained seventy thousand acres of the finest grazing land I have ever seen. It was all under one surrounding three wire fence. It was well watered with numerous lakes and the White Mud river, which cut the lease almost in two. The range north of the river was an ideal winter range as it consisted of deep river breaks with grass six inches or more all over them. The only buildings on the entire lease were the home ranch buildings known then as the Hi Reigel Ranch. The house had been moved off but there was a good granary and barn, bunk house and blacksmith shop. The ranch was fifty miles from the nearest town, the distance to Ponteix, Sask. on the north and Saco, Montana on the south being equal. This had once been a stopping place on the old Hudson Bay Trail from Winnipeg, Manitoba to Fort Benton, Montana. West of the ranch about seven miles loomed a large flat-topped butte that could be seen for many miles and was known as Seventy Mile Butte. It was named from Seventy Mile crossing on the White Mud. This crossing got its name in turn from being seventy miles from East End, Sask. and seventy miles from Woody Mountain. The crossing was a natural one and was used by trappers, fur traders and the Mounted Police who, I believe gave it its true name. The town of Val Marie now stands there. When the town was first started it was

named Seventy Mile but was later changed to Val Marie, why I never did know.

In the fall of 1920 we bid our fond farewell to the Fifty Mile Ranch and moved back to Maple Creek so the boys could be in school. There were many preparations to be made before moving onto the Reigle ranch. For one thing I had to have a division fence across the lease and for this I needed posts. When we were settled in town I hired a crew and for a couple of months we were busy cutting posts and hauling them to town. We had a huge pile of them in the yard in Maple Creek and I planned to ship them to Cadillac, Sask., and from there freight them fifty five miles to the ranch. I made all other arrangements for our new home including lumber for a new house.

That winter was one of unrest for me. I could very clearly see the beginning of the end for the large ranches and yes, even for the professional cowboy. A grim forboding seemed to grip me and warn me that the end of the work I so dearly loved was in sight. The farmers and homesteaders were closing in but I held nothing against them. It was just sort of an aching sadness that I could not shake. Gone were the great holdings of the 76, the T Down Bar, the Circle Diamond and the Turkey Track along with the others. It was enough to make a cowboy wonder just how long his usefulness would last. I still had one of the largest holdings in the south shortgrass Canadian country to move onto but for how long would it last?

## CHAPTER 12

We formed quite a procession that day in May, 1921 when we left Maple Creek for our new home about one hundred and fifty miles away. Wayne was fourteen then and already a good hand with horses. As this was the work he liked he was driving the loose horses. We had wagons loaded with household goods and furniture and they were pulled by four horses strung out. Esther and Phil, then nine, took turns driving the model T which was also loaded high with different articles.

We got along real well until we hit a hard rain a few miles east of East End. We took shelter at the Malcom Morrison ranch and I thought that we would never get away from there as the rain continued. I shall never forget the hospitality of the Morrisons. We were there for a week and we could not have been any more welcome if we would have been home. Shorty Hensman, before mentioned, was living with the Morrisons at that time and he helped us for a ways when we were able to move again. For a while the going was slow as that country was all gumbo mud which sticks to anything that it touches.

The remainder of the journey was uneventful and we reached our destination in the evening of a clear day in May. It was not a very cheery sight without a house but it was home and we hastened to make the best of it. The granary was a good tight building and we at once moved into it until we could get a house built. As soon as we were settled we started

hauling the fence posts from Cadillac. For this job I purchased a Fordson tractor. Wayne seemed to have a natural ability wherever machinery was concerned so he and Denny Barlow did the hauling. They pulled two wagons but whenever they would come to a steep hill they would have to drop one wagon and then return to the bottom and pick it up. The old time Fordson had a menacing habit of sitting up on her hind wheels whenever the pull became too great. While they were hauling the posts I had a fencing crew working and one man, Chic Barlow, treating them with hot tar. I contracted a part of the fence to an old friend and neighbor Claude Gard who lived just west of the lease and north of where the town of Orkney now stands. The lumber had also been hauled and I hired a neighbor from the Fifty Mile, Mark Wynne, to build the house.

It was a summer of hard work and preparation but by fall we had the house completed and were moved in. The fence was completed and my new lease was now ready to stock. I decided to wait until spring to begin stocking it with outside stock. We had brought about fifty head of Kentucky Whip mares with us and these were turned on the winter range and required very little care. The mares were from the old Spear Head Seven brand and from them I raised some of the best saddle horses I have ever seen. A strain of those horses still remains in that country and the Cypress Hills.

We had to freight our fuel and supplies fifty miles from the nearest town which was Ponteix, Sask. For this we used a four horse team and two wagons. Wayne also did most of this freighting and he became an expert four-horse reinsman. We would purchase enough coal and groceries to last for six months at a time and freight it all home at one time. Meat was no problem as we had our own beef and pork and there was wild game everywhere.

In the spring of 1922 I started stocking the lease. I took in quite a few cattle but it was an ideal horse country so we ran mostly horses. Besides smaller bunches I took five hundred head of horses from Ryan and Fares of Alberta. These wore the Two Bar Quarter Circle brand. I ran them at two dollars and fifty cents a head per year.

During this period and the following years I had one of the finest crews a man could ever hope to have. They were old friends and neighbors and they were all top hands at their work. They were; Edwin, Don, Dave and Harold Perrin, Burt Ingraham, Hank Noland, Shorty Marino, Jack (Red) Stewart, Sam Sanderson, Chic and Denny Barlow and many others for short periods. These men knew how to work and what to do and working with them was a pleasure. A deep affection for these men has lingered with me throughout the years. Edwin Perrin was a young husky man in those days, a good steady hand, a good rider and, in fact good at anything he attempted. The boys remember Edwin very well and it is always a pleasure to me when they tried to pattern themselves after him. The Perrin boys were all good hands and they were a large family. Their father, Ted Perrin was an old neighbor of ours in the Cypress Hills and he can well be proud of the large family he raised there. Everyone of them was an outstanding man and cowboy, men to ride the river with, as the

old saying goes. At this writing Ted is about eighty eight years young and still living an active life on his old home ranch with his younger son Ernest.

We built a set of fine corrals at the ranch that spring and they were the scene of much activity that summer. There were many horses to be broken that year and for this job I had Burt Ingraham, Don Perrin and Wayne. They became lifelong friends and believe me they were quite a trio. Working with those two boys Wayne became an all round good hand with a horse. I taught them the art of breaking a horse without letting him buck which is the right way. There are always a few outlaws though in every bunch and, as Burt and Don were both very good riders, these outlaws were soon taken care of by one or the other. They both became professional riders and became quite famous in the rodeo circuits in later years. Burt stopped riding for the big money before Don, who went on to the large shows all over the world. He and Edwin rode before the Royalty at Wembley, England and Don later rode at Madison Square Garden, Pendleton, Calgary and all the larger shows and he nearly always placed in the money. He rode the famous outlaw, Five-Minutes-to-Midnight in California and stayed with him eight seconds which I believe, was the longest this horse was ever officially ridden. He told me that when he finished that ride that the palm of his left hand glove, which was buckskin and brand new, was completely torn out at the end of the eight seconds from the halter rope being pulled through it. This horse would have his head on the ground one jump and the next he would have it right between your eyes. He knocked out nine out of ten riders with his head. Yes, Don was a fearless, square shooting hand and one of the best all around riders I have seen under any condition. On top of this he loved horses and as well as he loved to have a horse buck, he always broke horses the right way.

These three boys would break horses in the dust and heat every day of the week and then on Sunday they would run in a bunch of large range horses and take turns, or draw straws to see who would ride them out with a cirsingle, bareback. There were some great little shows put on on that flat in those days. I could not understand their energy taking them this far for amusement but it certainly made riders out of them anyway.

Mr. and Mrs. Walt Larson took land about a mile down the river from our ranch that summer. Walt was previously mentioned and Mrs. Larson was Margie Perrin, the teacher before mentioned. Walt made a deal for the extreme east end of my lease and went in the cattle business. He still ranches there and his Black Angus cattle have become famous throughout the country.

As I stated before, this looked like the best grazing range I had ever seen and it proved it now. Before fall we were running more cattle and had taken in many more horses but the lease was still under stocked. We kept all the grass on the sheltered north range for winter grazing, the river being the deviding line. We only put up about fifty tons of hay. This was all we needed as we only had to feed the saddle horses kept in

and perhaps a few sick cattle. There was so much grass that the stock could graze anywhere and come out fat in the spring.

The Butte school, which was a summer school was nine miles north of the ranch and Phil rode this night and morning to school. He made it on horse back for two summers and then I bought him a model T Ford of which he was very proud.

There was quite a farming community south of the lease between the fence and the border. In the fall these people had to haul their grain to Ponteix, sixty or seventy miles. The ranch became quite a stopping place for these farmers and it became quite an expense to us but I just could not charge anyone for our hospitality. It was not uncommon to see ten or fifteen wagons making their slow way across the flat. They would be pulled by two, four and sometimes six horses all abreast. For some unknown reason the farmer always hitched his horses abreast rather than strung out. Trucks were unknown then and these people had to do everything the hard way. Sometimes it would take them a week to make the round trip. They would lose no travelling time as they would load back with coal and groceries.

The winter of 1922 and 23 was an easy winter and our losses were practically nothing. The late spring of that year though, will be well remembered by the old timers. It started raining on the first day of June and rained continually for thirty days. Some of the time it poured. The rivers and creeks all became raging torrents of muddy warm water. Every one who lived on the bottom land was busy saving all they could from the flood. Our buildings were on comparatively high ground so they were safe. We had a large pig pen built under a bank close by and one morning I went out early to check the high water. I found ten pigs swimming around and around inside the enclosure. They would not have lasted much longer. After releasing them I looked out over the bottom and I could see trees and brush floating by and sticking up out of the water. Nearly every one of these held a rabbit or two and there were mice all over everything above the water line.

We rode our best swimming horses for a month as you had to swim a horse in every direction to get out except north. There were many new channels cut in the rivers and creeks that year. It will also be remembered as the year of the great World Championship Heavyweight fight between Jack Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons at Shelby, Montana. Many will recall what a time they had trying to get to this fight, due to flood conditions.

One farmer was bringing his bride home and stopped overnight with us. The next morning he insisted in going on and left before the boys could get ready to pilot him. Trying to ford a raging creek he lost his team, wagon and everything they had with them. If the wagon box would not have floated close enough to the shore for them to jump they would have lost their lives. Wayne and Don spurred to the rescue but they were too late. The team had been sucked into a huge hole that was washed out in the bank and all they could do was sit there and watch them drown. The bride made the remark that she had just crossed the ocean and now she had lost everything in a small creek in the prairie.

When the country finally dried up there was much work to be done. We had three hundred horses to halter break and quite a few to break to ride. Wayne and Don were doing the breaking. Don rode most of the bad ones but Wayne came in for his share too. Wayne picked one roan horse he called Rusty and decided to break him for his own string. This proved to be quite a chore. I was out on circle when he first tackled this horse. Don helped him saddle in the round corral and Wayne swung up. The roan exploded with a squeel of anger and after about four or five vicious jumps he and Wayne parted company. Don caught the horse and Wayne mounted again. This horse was a high jumper and as Don put it, you could see daylight between his belly and the top pole of the corral every jump. Wayne lasted about six jumps this time before biting the dust again. The horse was caught again and spitting dirt and corral dust from his mouth, Wayne wiped the sweat from his brow, hitched up his chaps and swung up the third time. Again he was thrown, this time harder than ever. Phil was perched on the top rail shouting insults about his brother's riding ability which did not help one bit. I rode onto the scene unobserved about this time and at once sent the shouting Phil to the house after first telling him that when he saw someone doing better than he could do himself he had better keep still.

I silently watched as Wayne, with his jaws set in determination limped over to the sweating bronco and once more eased himself into the saddle. The roan and his rider were both getting tired now and I could see that it was a battle to the finish one way or another. I said nothing as this was strictly a battle between man and horse. That horse could buck all right there was no question about that. Wayne kept his seat that time for several rounds of the corral while the horse tried every trick in the book. Finally, with a twisting, back breaking side jump, he landed hard and Wayne once more plowed the dirt. I could see that he was hurt some and the wind was knocked out of him from the fall but, digging the dirt out of his eyes, he motioned again for Don to catch the roan. For the fifth time he took a firm seat and told Don to turn him loose. Some of the fire was gone out of the roan by now but for that matter the rider was about all in too. As the two passed me I could see blood trickling from Wayne's nose amid the dirt and grime. This time though he was sticking. As the horse's efforts became weaker Wayne started to pull his quirt off the roan's nose at every jump. Finally, with sweat soaked body and quivering flanks, the roan crow-hopped over to the other side of the corral and came to a stop. He was a beaten horse, but on the other hand so was the rider. Wayne had won though and that is the all important thing to a cowboy. He swung down and gave Don a sickly grin and received a slap on the back. No words were spoken. An every day battle had been fought and won and that was that. A great feeling of pride arose in my throat; he was my boy and now he was a man. I turned my horse and rode to the barn with a deep feeling of satisfaction and well being.

## CHAPTER 13

During the early twenties the country was full of game of all kinds. Sagehens, Prairie Chickens, Geese, Ducks and all kinds of upland fowl were in abundance. Phil became an expert shot with both a rifle and shotgun and he kept the table supplied with all kinds of game.

As the old saying goes though, the bitter must go with the sweet, and we had the bitter here in the form of mosquitoes. They were thicker there in the early summer months than I have ever seen them anyplace. It sometimes became necessary to build smudges out of green sage to keep them away. Seeing this smoke in an evening the milk cows and saddle horses would come and stand in it for relief. On a quiet morning while wrangling the horses, it would be impossible to breath without a net over your mouth. I have heard old timers laughingly tell about the mosquitoes being so thick that you could not see the sun, and here on the White Mud in the summer of 1923 this very nearly became so. I have truthfully seen clouds of mosquitoes drifting with a breeze that at first glance I thought was a prairie fire. When this cloud came between me and the sun it truly darkened it. In the evening the stock would all head for higher ground on the ridges where they could find a slight breeze. You do get used to these though and in this great prairie land of ours if we have plenty of moisture and grass we must have also, plenty of mosquitoes.

There were hundreds of coyotes in that country then and we would never ride out without seeing three or four at least. They sometimes run in bunches. We spent quite a little time hunting and shooting them as their furs were worth about ten dollars each when they were prime which was usually every month with an 'R' in it. A man had to be a good shot to hit a coyote as they were quite small and it was hard to get close to them. I have killed many with a rifle and several with a six shooter but you had to be close for the latter. Some of the boys made real good wages shooting coyotes and many of them tried trapping them although few were very successful trapping.

In November, 1923, Pete Kaufman, before mentioned on the 76 and Charlie Edwards, from Chinook, Montana, came to the ranch to hunt coyotes with hounds. As we were not busy we threw in with them. They had some very good dogs which they hauled in a spring wagon with a crate in the back. This they called a "dog wagon". A rope ran from the driver's seat to a sliding door in the rear and the rope could be pulled to release the hounds instantly. This wagon was pulled by a team of horses which they called Nip and Tuck. They were owned by Dean Kaufman of Malta, and had been race horses for years. They were a remarkable team. They would run at break-neck speed over the prairie and to see them or ride them you would swear that they were running away but when the driver would holler "whoee" they would stop instantly any place. I took many wild rides behind them that winter chasing after the hounds in pursuit of the fleet footed coyotes.

In every good pack of hounds there is a catcher and a killer. Pete and Charley had one of each that was outstanding. The killer they called

Slim and he was part stag hound and part bull dog. A coyote or another dog had no chance with him whatever. When he got his hold on the throat or chest he would lie down and it was all over. The catcher they called Joe. He was a tall, long haired Russian Wolfhound and was the fastest thing on four legs I have ever seen and just as smart. Many times I have seen him leave the pack, hot on a chase, and take off in another direction altogether. When this happened you might just as well follow Joe because he would have the coyote every time before the rest got there. He seemed to know what a coyote would do and where he would go, even before the coyote knew himself. He would not fight at all but when he caught a coyote he would grab him by the roots of the tail and with a twist of his powerful neck, throw him. Then, when the coyote wanted to fight Joe would hop nimbly to one side, out of reach and continue to do this until the coyote would run again and then Joe would dart in and bust him again. He would keep this up until the rest of the dogs got there. I have seen him hold coyotes in this manner for fifteen or twenty minutes if necessary.

The coyote was a tough fighter to the end. I have seen dogs bite and chew on them until they were dead but I have yet to hear one utter a whimper. The dogs, however, would howl no end when they got bit. There are mighty few dogs that can handle a coyote alone.

I do not recall how many coyotes Pete and Charley got that fall but I would guess around fifty. They were there about a month and the boys and I got so interested in the hunting that when they left I managed to buy Joe for one hundred dollars. He paid for himself many, many times after that. I purchased some other good dogs to go with him and hunted thereafter for several winters.

By the spring of 1924 the lease was getting pretty well stocked. All that summer we took in horses and quite a few cattle. By fall we were running close to three thousand horses. I had a large bunch of T Down horses from Harry Otterson and several good sized bunches from Maple Creek owners. This made a lot of riding and this was greatly increased by stray horses getting in. Some of them would stray in but the greatest amount of them were turned in for free pasture. There were not enough riders to keep them out. This made it necessary to ride fence continually and turn back strays whenever they could be found. We were forced to make a spring round up to return some of the horses to their owners that had been taken in to winter. At that time all strays were cut out and the owners notified to get them but most of them were back in the field again before too long.

I bought a thoroughbred stallion in Alberta that summer. He was a four year old and a beautiful piece of horseflesh. I turned him over to Wayne to break and he named him Rainbow. Wayne never let him buck, he spent hours teaching this smart horse the tricks of the trade. Anyone that ever saw this sleek, dark brown body flashing in action could never forget Rainbow. He was strictly Wayne's top horse and no one else rode him. They were quite a team. When they took after a bunch of wild horses they were as good as turned. Rainbow's graceful body just seemed

to skim over the ground and no horse on the range could out run him. He has many decendents in the country of Saskatchewan yet today and they are all outstanding horses.

The branch line of the C.P.R. (Canadian Pacific Railroad) was inching forward to the west end of my lease this year, from Manyberries, Alberta. Many small towns were springing up along the way such as Frontier, Climax, Canuck, Bracken, Orkney and it was rumored that a town would be built right in the middle of the west end of the lease which would be named Masfield. Cutting through the lease at an angle the new grade ended at Seventy Mile Crossing. Here a small settlement and rail camp was set up which is now Val Marie. This little town was just fifteen miles up the river from the ranch and we were glad to see it come in but it gave me a feeling of foreboding.

Again the settlers and farmers were pushing the range man and closing in on the open range. My lease with the Government was such that it could be thrown open to the homestead act and I was not kidding myself. I knew when I first saw the inward movement of the railroad that the axe was falling. It was just a matter of time.

Our life was not all hard work and worry however, in those days. We had a family orchestra and we spent many long winter evenings with our music. Esther played the piano, Wayne the cornet and violin, Phil the drums and myself the cornet. We travelled all over the country at different times, most of the time taking the piano with us, to play for dances. These were very happy times and hearing some of the songs that were popular at that time always brings back pleasant memories to all of us.

In the spring of 1925 we had to gather all horses for the purpose of cutting out strays, delivering wintered horses to their owners and taking a count on brands. I believe this was the largest round up of horses ever held in Canada. It centered at the Sand Lake corrals and at one time we had over twenty five hundred head in the gather in one bunch. It was extremely hot during the round up and when the horses hit the water many of them got lock jaw. We would ride out into the water and rope these stricken animals and drag them to the shore where we would save what we could of them.

The horse round up is hot fast and dangerous work and differs much to the job of rounding up cattle. When these wild horses are jumped the first thing they do is run. You have to be well mounted and the circle has to be well planned with the men started at strategic points to bring all horses to center. A man will ride down two or three good horses in a day and risk his neck many times from falls and other hazards. This was a place where our Kentucky Whip saddle horses were valued highly. They were fast, sure footed and very active together with being sound of body and wind.

Here I would like to try and describe, as near as possible, the scene at Sand Lake when this round up centered there. It was a sight that few men have seen and beyond the question of a doubt, no man will ever see again.

Topping the rise to the east of the Sand Lake flat, I pulled my tired, sweating horse to a stop and, withdrawing my booted feet from the stirrups, I paused to relax. I pushed my Stetson back on my head and leaned forward on the saddle horn and just let my eyes devour the sight below. Some fifteen riders were circling the half wild bunch of range horses being held there. Twenty five hundred head! Dust boiled up in the still afternoon heat in great clouds. Several lines of crowding, plunging horses extended out into the water where they were quenching their thirst. Dust streamers still hovered over the ravines and trails where bunches of horses had come into the main herd at the gallop, driven by shouting, hard riding cowboys. On the outskirts of the huge herd miniature fights were in progress. These animals would rare up and strike with front feet or wheel around and, squeeling loudly, kick with rapier-like hind feet. A space of at least a half mile square was a solid churning, constantly moving mass of horse flesh, displaying every color of horse ever bred. I have often thought that I would have given much to have had a moving picture of this scene. What a sight it was! Mere words cannot begin to describe it. A feeling of pride and accomplishment filled me, sitting there on my horse that hot afternoon, that only a cowboy could fully understand. Here was fulfillment to a dream come true, made possible only by days and months of hard work and planning. This was a sight that a man of the saddle would cherish forever. Then I was overcome by a great sadness as reality flooded back, shattering my dreams. Why? Why could this not last? I knew now that, as sure as fate, my great range was doomed. I would have to move on and leave all this behind, just as I had before. Another dream completed and then shattered. The great Madison Valley, the sea of open grass in the Cypress Hills, the famous old 76 and my accomplishments there—they all crossed my mind as I sat there. Gone now; nothing but fond memories left, and I knew then this was to be another. Raising my tired eyes I gazed off at the distant Whitewater Butte, then turning my head slightly to the right I looked long at McCarty Butte, turning slowly in my saddle I looked long at the most famous of them all old Seventy Mile Butte and somehow they seemed to be bidding me farewell. Where was a cowboy going to turn next? My eyes grew misty and I gently tapped my spurs to my horse's side and rode slowly on into camp.

## CHAPTER 14

The following fall Esther and Phil moved to Val Marie for school. The town had grown considerably as the railroad was in then. There was a school, hotel, several stores, a livery barn, barber shop and several other small businesses. People were getting all worked up about a new fangled gadget that they called a radio. You could hear voices and music without even any wires. Sounded kind of unlikely to me but I was going in and have listen as soon as I got time.

The following spring, 1926, I got the dreaded word that I had been expecting and it was worse than I had expected. My entire lease was to be

opened to the homesteaders, leaving me high and dry with nothing but the few acres of deeded land where the ranch buildings sat. Although I had been expecting this it was still a blow that left me sort of numb for a short time.

I hastily made arrangements to gather all stock in the great lease. The selling of the cattle and horses had to be arranged and it was a time of much activity around the ranch. We had to have a place to move to and I had accepted the fact that the cattle business was on its way out, that is the large operations I was used to. I journeyed to Montana and made a deal with Bateman, Sweitzer and Brady of Great Falls, Montana to rent their old home ranch known then as the Great Falls Ranch. It was located on Beaver Creek about ten miles west of Saco, Montana. It was strictly a hay ranch and consisted of eight hundred acres of blue-joint hay meadow which was watered by flood waters from Beaver Creek. There was no grazing land with it at all. I decided to try nothing but hay raising in the land of my birth.

I shall never forget the action at the Land Office in Val Marie the day before the lease was thrown open. Farmers and outsiders had picked their land and a line was formed to hold their places. Most of them held their places sleeping in line all night in the street. A great many of them filed on rock piles which they were forced to vacate in two or three years or starve. Much of the land was just not suitable for farming but it was split up anyway. The land as a whole was poor farm ground and in a few years of heartbreak it was to go back to grass. Nevertheless the range was ruined and there was nothing for the rangeman to do but move on.

I notified all surrounding farmers and ranchers of the final round up so that they might claim any stock they would have in the final gather. They all came to the ranch to help on the round up and this gave Esther a huge job. Along with the riders there were cattle and horse buyers, newspaper men and others. For two or three days she had about fifty hungry men to feed.

Thus began the last horse round up to ever be held in the once great range country of southern Saskatchewan. I put the entire round up crew in charge of Wayne as he had worked hard, knew the business well, and he deserved this right. Besides, I felt that it might be the last time in his life that he would ever have this honor, and this proved to be true. Believe me, an operation of this size is one that any cowboy would feel privileged to lead. I have heard him say many times since that he would not have traded places with a King that morning, leading forty five riders out on circle, mounted on Rainbow, at that time the finest horse on the range. The riders were dropped off at intervals in pairs along the outside of the huge circle. They cleaned the range of all horses, the drive centering at the ranch this time. When the herd started to come in there was a line of sweaty, dust laden horses strung for two miles up the river.

When all stock was claimed from the cutting corrals there was found to be nearly seven hundred strays in the bunch. In other words, these, or most of them, were non-paying customers who found it very

convenient to graze their stock on lease grass. There were as many as thirteen hundred head of horses in the corral at one time at the peak of this round up. The Regina Leader, August 7 edition of that year carried a complete account of this last great round up, written by one of their reporters sent out at that time to cover the action. I have a copy of the paper in my possession yet.

There was much activity after disposing of the stock. We kept very few of the horses. The Kentucky Whip mares and colts, together with Rainbow, were sold to Dave Perrin of the Cypress Hills. The house I sold to Stanly Belzer, a farmer south of the ranch and the deeded land and other assets were hurriedly disposed of. A trip to Regina was necessary to obtain our papers for crossing the line and when this was made we were ready to go.

In July, 1926, we took our leave of Canada. As I paused on the river breaks south of the ranch to look I experienced an ache in my heart which had been growing for some time. Somehow, this time it was more than just moving to a new location. It seemed somewhat like the closing of a book. The other moves had been more as though a chapter had been finished in my life but this was different. I think I realized then that it marked a complete change in my life. I had been a cowboy all my life, it was all I knew. The great rolling prairie, the carefree open range, the great herds of cattle and horses. Would I ever see these things I loved so dearly again? It was doubtful. Certainly never again here anyway. Twenty one years of open range work had sown its roots deep in my soul. I just could not believe that all this was over so definitely and completely. All at once I felt old and tired and I turned to my four horse team and gruffly ordered them to move on. I did not much care to look right or left as we made our slow way, for the last time, across the rolling hills southward . . .

I will dwell but briefly on our life the first two years on the Great Falls ranch. 1927 and 1928 were two very good years and the hay crop was very good. After getting settled we were very happy to find that we had some fine neighbors. I was exceptionally happy to learn that Elbert Davison (formerly mentioned with the T Down wagon) was on the upper Great Falls Ranch near Bowdoin. He was a very helpful friend and, being an old cowboy like myself, we had much in common. Before long we were working our hay crews together. The Davison boys Edward, and Robert, became very good friends of the boys and Phil went to school with them at Bowdoin, which was yet quite a town. Things did not go too bad until the year of 1929 and this was a dry one. The creek did not flood and the hay meadow dried up. I was only renting and I became very discouraged. This, and the age old call to the saddle, prompted me to accept a job with the Flying D at Bozeman, Montana.

Wayne had developed a liking for the mechanical work and was now holding down a good job with the Standard Garage at Malta, Montana, which was owned by Vern Ludwig. Ralph Nelson (previously with the 76) was shop foreman at that time and they all liked Wayne very much. Esther and Phil stayed on the ranch until fall and I hurried to the country

of my younger days to once more be a cowboy. I rented a house in Bozeman and Esther and Phil moved down in time for school.

The owner of the Flying D, Charles Anceney, was a man I had punched cows with in my early days on the Madison. He had quite a ranch in the Flying D. Its vast ranges lay in the foot hills of the Spanish Peaks, southwest of Bozeman. It consisted of several large hay ranches along Spanish Creek and the home ranch was on Elk Creek just west of Gallatin Gateway. The cow camp, headquarters for the riders, was located on Cherry Creek, about twelve miles from Gallatin Gateway. They shipped about two train loads of beef every fall and at that time they were running about eight thousand head of cattle. The range was all fenced and three or four good cowboys could handle most of the riding.

Here I worked with as good a cowboy as ever wore spurs. He was Johnny Flowers, foreman and all around top hand as well as being a wonderful fellow. We formed a friendship from the very first and we later had many good times together. As the ranch was close to the Yellowstone Park there were plenty of dudes around. When the work was caught up we would entertain the dudes or find some calves to rope for practice. In those days either one of us could really rope and we very seldom missed. We were often joined by another Flying D cowboy and good friend of mine, Dick Hargrove. One day while we were engaged in roping some calves I remarked to Johnny,

"What do you suppose Charley would say if he caught us roping his calves this way?"

Johnny chuckled, "If we were catching them he wouldn't say a word but he would sure raise the devil if we weren't."

Rae Anceney, Charley's daughter, brought an eastern friend out to the ranch for a visit. Her friend had never seen a calf roped on the open range and Rae asked Johnny and I if we would demonstrate and we obliged in short order. The girls were delighted and I would like to think that perhaps our exhibition had something to do with the eastern girl's later purchasing a ranch of her own in Wyoming.

One Sunday the people of the district all got together and put on a small rodeo down the creek. It was in the dude season and therefore quite a crowd gathered. Johnny, Dick and I decided to go down and do our stuff to represent the Flying D. Charley was in the crowd and, of course he got busy at once giving us a big build up. Charley was quite proud of his cowboys. Dick entered the riding and Johnny and I the roping.

Several riders came out on horses that did not do too much and the show was going in a routine fashion. Finally the loud speaker blared out the name of Dick Hargrove of the world famous Flying D in a very loud voice. Charley nudged a few friends and said,

"Now watch this, here comes the Flying D."

Dick came out of the chute on a real mean one that could really unwind. He lasted about two jumps and then was thrown in the air until he came to the end of his halter rope and then he was brought down to the ground with a resounding plop. Now this put Charley out some but he promised his friends that when the roping started they would really see

something that would surprise them and that it did.

Johnny was first under the wire and they turned out a little scrawny calf that could run like the devil. Johnny built to him and he made a good throw but the skinny calf jumped through the loop before he could take up the slack. No time for Johnny. Now everything, including the honor of the Flying D, was up to me. I was supposed to use Johnny's rope and outfit but he was delayed in getting back and the arena manager, over my protest, made me take another horse and outfit. This was my undoing. They gave me a little old high headed horse and, I think, about a three quarter inch rope. They turned the calf loose and he ran with his head in along the fence. With the outfit I had I could not have caught him anyway, if his head would have been sticking straight in the air like my horse. In disgust I threw the rope, coil and all, at the calf and turning my miniature giraff I rode back to the chute.

We were all gathered there when Charley came storming up. I could see that he was pretty mad, or at least pretended to be. He stopped in front of us, legs wide spread and roared,

"Now isn't that a fine reputation you so-and-soes give the Flying D. I wish you would have stayed home." And so saying he stomped off.

I will have to admit that we did not add too much to the prestige of the outfit but we did have many good laughs over it later. What had made Charley so angry was the fact that he had watched us rope under all conditions out on the range and very seldom miss. But he was a cowboy himself and he understood these things so he joined in the fun but he never failed to rib us about it whenever he got the chance.

The work at the Flying D was the work I liked and understood but somehow I was not satisfied. My family was split up and I could not be with them for one thing and for another, I longed for the prairie country in the north. It seemed to me that the riding we did here was either straight up or down all the time. I felt shut in and wanted to see over those mountains. Too many years had been spent in the great short grass country for me to ever get it out of my system. As I was close to my old home I made many trips over to the Madison to visit my mother and brother Walter. As I talked to Walter about the Great Falls ranch he became very interested in it as a hay proposition. He was getting very crowded for range and needed a place to put some cattle. In February 1930 he made a trip up to look it over. This was a very early spring and when he got there the entire meadow was under flood water. This greatly impressed Walter and he bought the place on his way home. It was a two way deal, I was supposed to run the ranch on a partnership basis and run his cattle.

Esther and Phil moved back to the Great Falls ranch in April. I came later with the horses and equipment. I took the short route across the Missouri river at the old Power Plant ferry, south of Landusky, Montana. I shall never forget how good the great prairie land looked to me. Even the horses seemed to know that we were coming home.

## CHAPTER 15

We were quite well settled back on the old ranch when summer came and what a summer! This was the beginning of the well remembered drought and depression of the 1930's. The creek did not run in June and the hay meadows dried up again. There was no crop that year or for six years to follow. A man was forced to do most anything that he could to live. Phil and I took horses to break at seven dollars per head. As the temperature stayed up around a hundred in the shade, and no shade, this was man killing work at the best.

In 1931 the creek did not run at all. Number two highway went through our place that year and this construction work furnished the means of a living. Phil went to work driving truck and Esther and I took the construction men to board. We had from twenty to thirty men that summer. The following years Walter shipped up some cattle to run and in spite of the drought they made a little money. These were the toughest, heart breaking years of my life though. The entire country turned into a dust bowl, plowed fields dried out and shifted in the hot winds. Fences became entirely drifted over with dirt in many places. It was very hard to make a living. I turned to milking cows and when I did cream dropped to two dollars and fifty cents for a ten gallon can. There was no work at all for a cowboy and I spent some very miserable years.

Not being able to stand the pressure any longer I accepted my old job back with the Flying D in the spring of 1936. The ranch at Beaver Creek was left with Phil, now married, and Esther spent her time partly with them and partly with me. I had only been there a short while when I was promoted to foreman. Charley Anceney had passed over the Great Divide, and the ranch was now under the management of Frank Stone of Gallatin Gateway.

As always, I was used very good at the Flying D. I was getting up in years but work in the saddle did not seem to bother me in the least. It was in the saddle that I belonged and yet I just could not be satisfied in the mountains. The great flat country called continually and this worry began to even break down my health. I knew now for certain, when I answered this call it would be final. In the spring of 1938 I returned to the Great Falls ranch and settled down with the knowledge that here I would remain, in the prairie country that I belonged to and loved.

The ranch was doing a little better now as the long drought was over. I longed for the cowboy life more than anything else and I kept a good horse at all times. When the urge became too strong I would just saddle up and ride. There were several small cattle outfits in the neighborhood namely the Blue Brothers, George Robinson, Frank Hedges, Dan Garrison, Jake and Bud Simonson and many others who often called on me for advice and help. When spring branding time came I was usually busy heeling calves and this helped satisfy my longing.

Walter passed away and the Great Falls ranch was sold in 1946. Thus ended another phase in my life and I must admit that it was one filled with hardship, trials and worry. Esther and I moved to Saco, Mon-

tana where we could be near our boys and their families and our grandchildren.

I was then seventy years old but hale and hearty. A friend and neighbor, Charles McChesney, who held large farming and ranching interests in the Saco country, decided to go into the cattle business. My old life long calling took hold of me and I took to the saddle once more. I rode Charley's range for some time and did my best to help him with his range problems. Charley put Floyd Davis, a young ambitious fellow in as his foreman of the livestock end of his operation and I tried to help him all I could. We did become very good friends in later years, working many things out together. Cowboys, good ones, were becoming pretty scarce. We were becoming more and more a legend. It is true that it is the work of younger men but the advice and know-how of years on the range are still very valuable in the business.

In 1950 Charles McChesney purchased the huge Henson Brother's ranch in the rough Missouri river country near Zortman, Montana. It was the largest ranch left in that part of the country. Selling his grazing range at Saco he moved all his cattle to the new ranch. I was then seventy four but I just could not quit. I could still ride a good horse down so I held down a cowboy's job on the new range. Before long Charley was running about fifty five hundred head of cattle on his new range.

In the years following the work was getting just a little bit harder for me all the time although I hated to admit it. I was slowing up. The long hours in the saddle would leave me so tired that I could scarcely drag myself to the house. Floyd Davis was very considerate of me as was McChesney but I was just getting too old and there was one thing for sure; if I could not make a hand I did not want to be there.

The boys, their families and Esther had moved to Malta in 1950 and I began spending part of my time at our town home and part of it on the ranch. Retireing was one of the hardest jobs for me that I have ever tackled. I longed for the feel of a good horse between my knees and the breezes of the wide open spaces in my face. Every spring one of the ranchers before mentioned, understanding my feelings, would pick me up for branding or round up work. I could still do my share of roping either in the corral or on the open range. In 1955 I went into the real estate business for two reasons. It gave me something to do and, of course, I had the profit of the business in mind. I know ranchers and the country and I thoroughly enjoy swapping stories with them.

To those of you who have never had the opportunity to be a cowboy or to be familiar with their everyday work, I hope that this writing has been interesting. The life of the cowboy is not an easy one but I believe that it is a healthy one. At the time of this writing I am eighty three years young. Last spring, at the Frank Hedges ranch I roped and drug out over two hundred head of calves before dinner one day. Esther still loves to have company drop in for a good old feed of sour dough hot cakes which she and I still enjoy every morning. We have many blessings for which to be thankful. Our health is good and we have a house full of wonderful grandchildren most of the time. Very often old time friends drop

in and we relive some of the past. This year we were honored by a fine thing from our old and true friends in Canada. I was invited to compete in the roping at the annual, well remembered Murrydale Stampede. There I roped against an old friend George Armstrong who is now seventy seven. We had both taken part in this event fifty years ago and believe me it was a fine feeling to be able to be there once more. George, in his day was an outstanding rider and I believe he was one of the few, if not the only one to ride the famous old outlaw, Scarhead. He also rode Steamboat in the early days. and qualified on him. I cannot express the wonderful feeling that it gave us old cowboys to be wanted in a contest and it was a wonderful thing to be able to be there. Esther and I spent the entire day shaking hands with our old friends that we had not seen for thirty or forty years. What a day it was.

One time of the year things get a little rough for me and that is the spring. When the south wind blows soft, carrying the smell of green grass, I get a longing in my old heart for the wide open spaces. As I lean back in my chair, many of the scenes out of the past come vividly back to life. Strange as it may seem, many of these are of horses I have ridden and trained. They are truly the cowboy's best friend. Many, many times my horse has saved my life. I recall the blizzard when my horse brought me home from a cold lurking death. Through the past I seem to live again the breath taking moments when my strong swimming horse carried me safely to the shore of the flood swollen river. (I never did learn how to swim) Nights of thunder and lightening, out with the herd where a man was thoroughly at the mercy of God and his horse. The balls of fire which glowed on the tips of the cattle's horns. These ghostly lights, mingling with the smell of sulphur in the air, gave a cowboy a feeling of being in another world. A sudden bolt of lightening, a crash of thunder and then chaos. Thundering hoofs in the night, directions lost, the only salvation from all this being the sure footedness of the horse under you. Is it any wonder that the cowboy thinks first of his horse.

Yes, my life is indeed full of memories. I have seen the great open range slowly but surely give way to the plow, giving up its rich buffalo grass. It is the final closing chapter of the great cattle country and the cowboy. They will soon be just a bit of history. It pleases me though, to know that each and every one of us did much to settle this country and though things have changed we are still very proud of our western prairie land. Some of my old cowboy friends made names that will grow more famous as the grass grows over their final resting places. Many hours have I spent visiting with these men such as Charles M. Russell, the immortal cowboy artist, John Servant, Tony Day, Harry Otterson, Elbert Davison and many others. These are men who, each in his own way, built this great west of ours and they are deserving of all the praise they will ever get and perhaps more. Though my life has been full of hard work and many disappointments, it has been a good and full life. I have many cherished memories to relive. Through many walks of life I have been very observant and I can truthfully and proudly say that in no profession

are men, as a whole, more honorable, truthful and gentlemanly than the old timers who were known as rangemen, ranchers and cowboys. We are extremely proud of our work that is now almost completed and it is our most cherished desire that we may have set a good example in the west we love.

When I saddle up to make that last long ride across the Big Divide over there I am sure of one thing. When the Great Round Up begins, some of the boys I knew so well will be there. Men I have ridden the range with. We will sure hatch over many things around the camp fire that first night.

THE END

Published by  
WESTERN PRINTERS ASSOCIATION LTD.  
1835 Halifax St., Regina, Sask.

Copyrighted in the U.S.A. & Canada  
by T.B. Long.

1959



A49805